The
COMMONWEAL
A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs
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Week by Week

INDIGNATION at something like the Nazis have been perpetrating lately is reassuring—but not only reassuring. It is reassuring that all sections of the population simply cannot stomach the arbitrary and brutal use of power practised by National Socialism and its deliberate repudiation of good and necessary principles not only in action, but also in theory. But the character and extent of our present indignation is not reassuring. There is, in the first place, the danger that the violent expression of our indignation will furnish an adequate catharsis which will leave us, after we have enjoyed it, relaxed and serene. Such an artistic solution of personal psychological problems would leave the whole problem of Germany and minorities just where they were, and would leave the afflicted Catholics and Jews still holding the bag. There are, in addition, the old problems of kettle and pot, mote and beam, hypocrisy and self-flattery. Indignation restricted to another's faults is unhealthy. For instance, American Negroes would hardly notice it if this government began enforcing the social and economic decrees which the Nazis have directed against German Jews. Another danger is that we may develop a genuine hate against a particular group of people, becoming quite insensitive to crimes similar to theirs committed by other groups—hating people instead of offenses against God and man. Finally, however needed and powerful a stimulus, indignation is no program. Embraced uncritically, it leads to over-simplified reaction, to a brutal program of retaliation in kind, at best to the crushing of the infamous and not to an effort at reconstruction which might make the enemy less infamous and which might limit the field of his attraction and press in upon him with something better and more appealing than he can create. The problems—religious, social, economic and political—hurled into the teeth of the whole world by the totalitarian states are not going to be solved by indignation and not by airplanes and not by war, however virtuously defensive it may be.

Indignation Plus

LIKE the poor, social if not racial groups we shall always have with us. We were all conceived by the father of the human race, and possibly, because of man's ceaseless conquest over time and space in communication, the last remnants of humanity on that dread day of the abomination of desolation, will be dark-skinned beings with blond kinky hair and slant eyes. But though ultimate racial homogeneity be possible, there must always be heterogeneous social groups. That the Jews constitute a socially distinguishable group, whatever be the difficulties of indicating their identifying marks, is clear. It is also clear that racial characteristics, that is, hereditary traits transmitted by blood, are insignificant and negligible items in defining their essence. The Nazi gangsters with their avowed contempt of disinterested scientific endeavor, are scarcely trustworthy authorities for the resolution of delicate anthropological problems. Yet, the fact remains that it is in the name of race that the Jews are being persecuted in Germany and Italy today. It is also a fact that the Nazi-Fascist régimes are the most vociferous proclaimers of racial intolerance today. In their application of racism, they happen to be wrong. Race is not an essential characteristic of Jews. But brutal persecution of fellow men on whatever grounds is always reprehensible and calls for the stinging rebuke of conscience both private and public. This is the ultimate and most

Racism, Nazi and American

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potent check against any descent of man into barbarism.

HOWEVER, though Jews are not a race, the colored people are. It is blood that identifies them. And though Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy are the outstanding preachers of racial intolerance today, we make bold to assert that the United States is the outstanding practiser of racial intolerance. There are 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States as against 700,000 Jews in Germany and 50,000 in Italy. We need not detail here the well-known facts of racial oppression in America—disenfranchisement, social ostracism, economic discrimination, educational, cultural and hygienic neglect, religious segregation, ghettoism, lynching and the rest. They are so well known that we are callous to them. The still small voice of conscience has been stifled in their regard. This is our national shame! It is ardently to be hoped for that the present crisis of the Jews will provoke widespread self-examination of conscience in America and efficacious resolution to mend our ways. Can we point out the mote in a brother's eye, while there remains a beam in our own?

THE PRESS is filled with announcements of increasingly sizable plans to build up American armaments. The Navy Department is expanding its docking and shipbuilding facilities in various Atlantic and Pacific ports. Orders have just been given for three 35,000-ton battleships costing an aggregate of $150,000,000 and by the end of the year 80 new warships of various types will be under construction. Some big navy advocates are contemplating expenditures of $3,000,000,000 for naval expansion by the end of the 1940 fiscal year, much of it for a "two-ocean" navy. The War Department is considering plans for 9,000 new planes in the next two years (exclusive of the Navy). Before Congress opens some technique must be found to block a program with such iniquitous potentialities for the national economy and the peace of the world. Interfaith deputations to a belligerent White House and public protests by peace groups simply will not stem the drive for armaments. When experts like Admiral Leahy and General Craig, and particularly Major George Fielding Eliot in his new book, "The Ramparts We Watch," lend such weight to the view that in the main the United States is at present able to defend herself against any conceivable foreign attack, why should we embark so hastily on a gigantic arms program? Edward J. Noble, chairman of the Civil Aeronautic Authority, declares that an addition of 15,000 commercial planes on an economically useful basis to the present aggregate of 10,000 would have great possibilities for national defense. In view of the vast sums to be spent for essentially offensive armaments, we might all prepare a veritable barrage of letters for our Washington congressmen early in 1939. Taxpayers faced with special income tax levies for increased armaments should strengthen this protest appreciably.

The Answer of Planes and Ships

NATIONAL defense tends these days to become more and more linked up with the defense of the whole Western Hemisphere. The recent anti-Jewish atrocities of the Nazis have made our southern neighbors remarkably susceptible to proposals for all-America defense. Government spokesmen in Brazil, Chile, Colombia and Panama have already expressed accord with the proposal of Undersecretary Welles for coordinated Pan-American defenses; only in Argentina and Mexico have serious doubts been expressed. The plan is sure to come before the Lima conference toward which the United States delegation is speeding with such high hopes. Exchange difficulties in our present South American trade are an indication that these countries cannot afford large-scale arming. Capital from the United States loaned for the purchase of our munitions and other defense material would be the only way to accomplish it. Such a program would bring with it the worst evils of Yankee imperialism and an international arms traffic which battens on fear, hatred and discord. The seven peace groups which accused the President of giving way to hysteria have made two suggestions which would prove distinctly more useful in preventing the establishment of European air and naval bases that would threaten the Panama Canal. One can be materially implemented at the Lima conference: the strengthening of genuine ties of friendship and cooperation among the American nations so that any foreign military concessions in Latin America would be blocked by overwhelming popular oppositions. Then our great social problems must be so well solved under our present democratic form of government that it will serve as a model and a guide for the whole Western Hemisphere.

A New-World Holy Alliance?

THE TRADE diplomacy of the reciprocal treaty program is, economically, discouragingly gradual. Whatever the immediate political effect of our new treaties in the international sphere of "dictatorships" versus "democracies," the business effect even of this huge bargain with England and Canada will be impossible to gage now and for some time to come. Since the concessions made by all three parties are also made to the rest of the world, it will take some time before the ripples cover the whole territory. The effect will not register only in the trade

Trade and Prices

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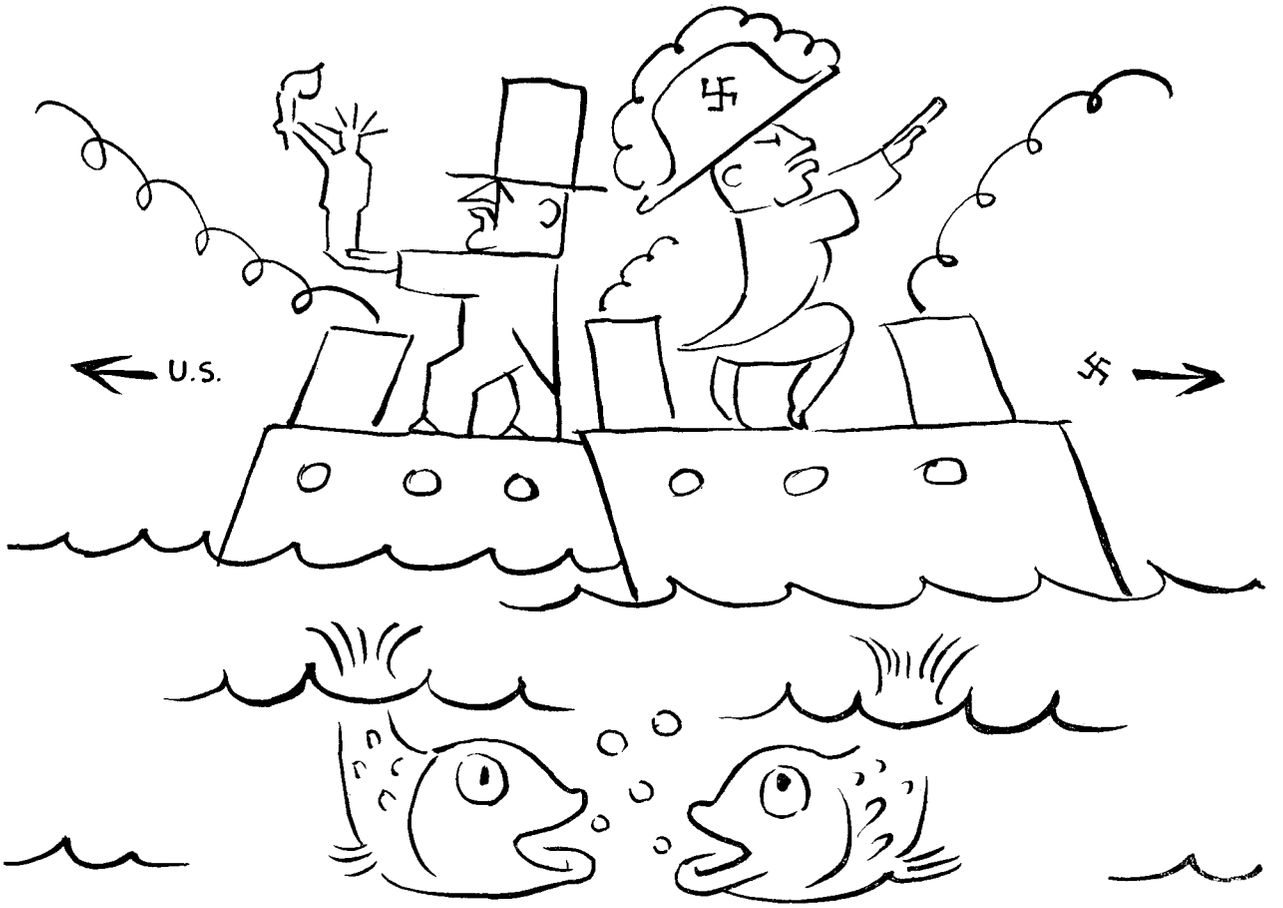

DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT: *"I think I go home now."*

between the three principals but in the trade of all the countries who enter the most favored nation system. Freer trade than that permitted by such laws as the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act is recognized by nearly everyone as a good thing. We must remind ourselves, however, that in more than one way America is trying to have its cake and eat it too. The freer the world is of trade barriers the more even is competition and the more difficult it becomes to maintain a price level in one country higher than that of another. This is a terribly hard situation: to try to bring down a local price level without imposing all the evils of deflation, and specifically without unjustly cutting workers' income. One naturally thinks of cuts in financial charges and in the charges of middle men, and also of the possibility of giving to citizens various goods and services whose cost is not measured in money transactions and so does not enter the price system. Within this country the problem is most acute, because our farm commodities are priced according to the world market, and our industrial products according to a somewhat closed system, still protected by the tariff and increasingly forced to bear charges not laid against the products of most foreign industry. The failure now of farm prices to rise probably means that the present revival of business is most insecure. The reaction of agriculture will also very likely prove the touchstone in judging the economic worth of the trade pacts with England and Canada.

Farm Helps

THERE are other developments besides reciprocal trade agreements which tend to assist the American farmer. Chief of these, of course, is the AAA, which within the next few weeks is calling for several important ballotings on new quotas for major crop acreages. Another farm aid of considerable proportions is the manufacture and distribution of highly concentrated phosphate fertilizers by the TVA, often taking the form of soil conservation payments. The Farm Security Administration has cooperated with a U. S. Steel subsidiary in supplying the first prefabricated farm building units, which were sent to Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. The manufacturers will be able to supply five-room houses at from $1,700 to $1,900, barns at from $700 to $900 and chicken houses and smoke houses at from $133 to $167. The owner can easily put the house together with the aid of a few neighbors and the buildings are so designed that additions can be made with little difficulty. Other government aids include rural electrification, land grant colleges, various forms of scientific research and advice, financing and resettlement. This is all to the good since the farmer does not have the

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resources comparable to those of the captain of industry, and is at a comparative disadvantage from the tariff. But such expedients must be regarded primarily as temporary. Our agricultural economy will be on a sound basis only when the farmers individually and through their consumers and producers cooperatives, credit unions and other organizations do many of these things for themselves. Crop diversification and functional organization must go hand in hand.

THE PRESIDENT has announced the formation of a nameless advisory board, made up of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve System, the Director of the Budget and the Chairman of the Advisory Committee on National Resources, whose duty it will be to coordinate and plan ahead federal fiscal and monetary policy and generally to harmonize federal economic activity. It seems self-evident that the coordination of government activities, among themselves and with private trends, must be as important as any possible single government activity, however successfully carried out. It is startling that the maximum effort at coordination has not already been made. What do those people talk about at Cabinet meetings? That the harmony of the New Deal has been bad is the most serious charge against it. Its sympathetic critics have noticed as much with sorrow. The sudden reversal toward restriction last year undoubtedly was timed and rated badly and the slump was not long to follow. The CIO in its convention just asked for more adequate central direction from the government to secure "full production in a stable economy," because there had been a notable "failure to coordinate and plan its economic program over an adequate period." If the New Deal is to be stymied in the next Congress so that new laws will be difficult, it can still find a full field for energies in the effort to harmonize its various already accepted parts.

Almost Time

THE OPPOSITION to highway bill-boards is almost as old as the custom of erecting these unsightly advertisements; it has made some headway in the course of the years — restrictive legislation against bill-boards exists now in nearly a quarter of the states in the union. But so long as the objections to such advertising were based entirely upon esthetic reasons (that they defaced the countryside) and moral reasons (that the liquor and cigarettes advertised were putting bad ideas in young minds), the fight against it gave little promise of victory. Now a third, more immediately practical reason for abolishing the billboard has appeared, that they obsure the view of drivers or at least distract them from their driving, thus contributing to the number of accidents. This reason will undoubtedly have greater cogency for the citizenry in general than the older reasons have had. And it is high time. A recent two-day conference on roadside legislation held in New York at the Russell Sage Foundation shows that true concerted effort on the part of a number of interested agencies is in prospect. The American Automobile Association, in a recently approved sixteen points for highway, motoring and traffic improvement, endorses the "control" of billboards. And it is only paying just tribute to the success of the *Reader's Digest* to call attention to its recent adoption, as a matter of editorial policy, of opposition to billboards. Perhaps no single thing would more greatly contribute to the restoration of beauty to our rural roads than the elimination of these eyesores. And there is justice, too, in the contention that they create accidents. We might, perhaps, enter one demurrer. By all means let billboards continue and flourish in such places as south Chicago or the Jersey meadows. Man has here so desecrated nature that anything further he does can only improve the situation. And the billboard men would thus have left to them a field for exercising their talents.

Making Our Highways Safer

THE STATEMENT by Dr. William Blatz, special consultant on the education of the Dionne quintuplets, to the parents and teachers attending the annual conference of the Child Study Association in New York, that they are themselves only children in the matter of child rearing, is perhaps oversevere. Similarly, Dr. Blatz's ensuing charge, that "parent education can present no formula for raising children, only a philosophy," puts by implication the depreciatory stress in the wrong place. The important thing to have, surely, is the philosophy; if it is the correct philosophy, the formula must unfailingly follow, whereas the reverse is by no means true. But this is by the way; we have no intention of marking dissent from the idea that modern parents have an enormous amount to learn about child training. With some of the implications of some of the speeches at the Child Study Conference, we would undoubtedly find ourselves at odds. But, controversial questions aside, the association is doing a service if it arouses in the general run of parents an awareness of how very far from perfectly they discharge their functions. This is the meaning we find in much that the Church's teachers and field workers say and do in her campaign for family welfare: that the family authority must be kept intact first of all by functioning properly in the field for which it is given from on high—the full well-being of the child. This is the meaning we find in much that is being

"Philosophy but No Formula"

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written as an accessory to one major objective of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, the religious education of children in the home. In a simpler age, it is often asserted, the generality of homes represented the unity and security, the essential wisdom and power to train, which are needed for forming the child in social and spiritual health. But this is not a simpler age. Every true bill against modern society—and there are many, from mechanization and materialism to insecurity and frustration—takes its toll of the home, represents a handicap which parents must surmount if they are to be really adequate parents. So far as Catholics go, they have the philosophy; they must adopt Dr. Blatz's warning if not his emphasis, and keep working at their formula.

Academic Freedom

ANYONE suggesting that academic freedom involves problems runs the risk of being thought a die-hard repressive. Let us say at once *ex animo,* therefore, that we would fight for liberty of academic thought, the stimulus of wide speculation and the salutary clash of mind on mind, as being essential to any education worthy the name. But we feel that the first annual report of Dr. Charles Seymour, president of Yale University, in dealing, as it interestingly does, with this topic, outlines the general field for a much-needed discussion throughout the country. Dr. Seymour adverts to certain criticisms which hold that the Yale Law School is "radical" and subversive of youth. The opinion, he declares, is unfounded if it implies that "the teaching courses are made vehicles of social and political propaganda, or that legal issues covered . . . are unfairly presented"; but if it is designed to secure "the elimination of members of the faculty whose views as private individuals are not as conservative as those of the critics, it points ultimately to the death of the school by dry rot. . . . As individuals both students and teachers must draw individual conclusions or their intellectual processes become inert." No one who knows what education is really about but will say amen. But, unfortunately, among the amen-sayers there will be many who do not know what education is really about. That is what defines the problem—not in Yale University, of which we do not profess to speak, but throughout our vast and heterogeneous country whose educational plant is vast and heterogeneous to correspond. There are so many enthusiasts for an unbodied ideal of academic freedom, who have never thought out what its concrete practise entails if it is to be kept a healthy, functioning part of the general organism. It entails a teaching personnel equipped to handle that edged tool, truth: a personnel sane, discriminating, scrupulous. It further entails, especially in the secondary system, an accepted working compromise between the intellectual authority of the school and that of licit forces outside the school. And it entails—notably in the field of higher education—the ideal that Dr. Seymour describes: disinterested devotion to the truth, untainted by mere "social and political propaganda." By no means every college can lay claim to that distinction. In our view, the realization of these standards and needs is the most vital requirement in the field of American education.

Advent

By ALBERT HAMMENSTEDE

OF STRIKING interest for the Christians of today are two questions. The first is: what does Advent mean considered from a purely religious standpoint? And the second: does Advent cast any light on the values of modern civilization?

With regard to the religious significance of Advent, we all know that it illustrates and emphasizes our belief in the existence of another world. There is a world above us which is of an absolutely perfect, supernatural and spiritual, yea, divine nature. And this holy world, we are taught during the holy season of Advent, has come down and is still coming down into our world where it meets mankind and is eager to penetrate all the conditions of our human existence. The word "Adventus" has been taken from the language of the ancient Romans. "Adventus" signified for them the solemn visits which the Roman emperors from time to time paid to those distant parts of the empire, where citizens lived who could never come to Rome and enjoy its imperial richness. The word therefore is very appropriate.

Now in so far as Advent is intended as a commemoration of the coming down of God and the divine blessings in the past, it recalls to our minds the conversations between God and Adam and Eve in Paradise, the visits of the Highest to the patriarchs and His self-manifestations before Moses and the prophets of the Old Testament. These days of old are especially commemorated in the readings from Holy Scripture, in the Liturgy and the Divine Office during Advent. They are so much the more impressive in our days since the Old Covenant and its writings are being violently attacked and contradicted by the newest enemies of the Church. However, as the most glorious appearance of God on earth in the past has been the Incarnation of the Son of God, we expect *a priori* that the texts of the Advent Liturgy most emphatically speak of our Lord Jesus Christ and His work of our Redemption. And, further, as the accomplishment of this Redemption has relied on the good-will and cooperation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, it is quite natural and becoming

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that during Advent Mary is constantly commemorated together with her Divine Son.

This explanation of Advent is accepted by Christians of all denominations. However for Catholics, Advent holds a meaning much greater and more concrete. In short, our liturgical commemoration of the different appearances on earth and particularly of the Incarnation of the Son of God is not restricted to our use of Holy Scripture or to our personal meditations on those mysteries of our faith. No, it consists as well and even more in the holy performance of the Sacred Mystery by which the Lord Jesus Christ in sacramental form is made present among us. And together with Him the work of our Redemption finds its representation in the celebration of the Masses of Advent. Every good Catholic is aware of this fact, and here it may be sufficient to mention that as the renewal of the Sacrifice on the Cross and the glorification of Christ occurs in the Mass, also the fulfilment of His work through His return at the end of the world finds place in the Eucharistic Mystery in Advent. Thus the words in our Creed, "And He will come again with glory to judge the living and the dead," or similar phrases are so very appropriate for Advent and are often heard in the Liturgy of this holy season. Hence, Advent is a proof of the assertion that the Church because of her Eucharistic liturgy is able in the present to comprehend the past and the future.

After this religious appreciation of Advent let us consider whether it is valuable for the deepening of Catholic civilization. Many aspects of this question should be explained; however, I will restrict myself to three short observations.

The first is concerned with the Catholic outlook on history by which I understand the series of those earthly events which because of their incomparable greatness and wholesome consequences for all mankind cannot even be forgotten in the eternity to come! Now, is it not true that at the end of this world only those human heroes will be considered as having made history who during their life had acknowledged God on earth and willingly cooperated in the fulfilment of the plans of God? In other words, the more they will have done to facilitate the redemption of humanity through the Incarnate Son of God the more they will enjoy the endless congratulations of all those in heaven who by the noble work of these heros on earth have been saved. On the other hand, the names of those who doubtless by their talents and power would have been able to interweave the finite with the absolute, the temporal with the eternal, the world with God, the created order with the uncreated, but who refused and made themselves gods and violently prevented their subjects from coming to God, will be considered as having confused human history. Therefore their names will not be read in the book of eternal life in heaven, but will rather stand in the annals of hell where the terrific darkness will bear testimony to their deeds.

The second teaching of Advent consists in an appreciation of the material things on this earth. By the very fact that Christ the Creator and Lord of the whole creation has become visible on earth, the whole creation is obliged to adore Him as its King. Now the King answers to this advocation by freeing the creatures from their captivity under Satan and bringing them back to the Kingdom of God. "Venit ut consecraret tunc mundum"—"He came to consecrate this world"—vigil of Christmas. "Si exaltatus fuevo omnia traliam ad mei sum"—"If I shall be lifted up, I shall draw all things to myself"—Saint John. This means practically that the use which Christians make of material things, presupposedly in a reasonable manner, *a priori* cannot separate them from God. So technical science as such must not prevent a man from approaching God. Owing to the conservation which Christ has conferred upon material things, our material bodies, of which each one is a kind of microcosmos, will be transferred to the celestial regions. That will be the great miracle which Christ will perform on this last Advent.

In the third place, Advent has a sociological and political meaning. Christ has come as the Saviour of the human race, and the human race had to be saved by its complete transformation into the Mystical Body of Christ, i. e., the Church. This is the idea of mankind which God has had from all eternity. He wishes to see mankind under the immediate guidance of His Incarnate Son. The more, therefore, mankind differs from the Church and the more it tries to rid itself of all supernatural influence, the more it becomes inhuman. The true conception of humanity includes its supernatural vocation or its deification through Christ. Every year Advent can become the source of a new inspiration for us, because it is one of the thoughts of God with regard to humanity.

When Advent is considered with these thoughts in mind a good Catholic should experience mingled feelings of joy and satisfaction. Our mystical rites are enhanced by the commemoration of Christ's advent in the past and the presage of His advent in the future, but these rites are centered about and dependent upon His arrival in the present. This is the fulfilment here and now of the Church's yearning and expectation. Sanctified by grace, we, as participants in the Holy Mass, become capable of receiving Christ into our own souls and thereby also become integral members of His Mystical Body. With this accomplished we then are eligible to be men in the history of mankind, who, by using the material things, the means which Christ consecrated, will attain our end, become completely human, and therefore conform to the holy will of God.

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The Man without a Country

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

A MAN went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers. He was aided by a stranger and the story of his rescue has written itself so deeply on the heart of the world that I propose it as front-page news. During the past twenty years wave after wave of those who had been beaten, robbed and tortured has swept across the west of Europe. People grew accustomed to them, as one does in war to the sight of wounded men. I recall as if it were yesterday the throngs of Belgians encamped in ancient, dismantled French abbeys; the tens of thousands of Germans driven from the Volga regions of Russia and housed in barracks by Catholic and Protestant charity organizations; huddled groups of anti-Fascists in retreat before the triumph of Mussolini. Still it was always possible, in a world shy of man-power after four years of carnage, to make room somewhere.

The situation is different now. Today the terrain to which the refugee can go is fearfully restricted. There are only five countries in continental Europe inside the borders of which he could find safety—countries with a total population not as great as that of Germany from which the majority of exiles come. A year ago there were many more countries. Austria has been swallowed up since then. Czechoslovakia has been decimated. The Balkan states have virtually been cut off from the West. And beyond the seas? Modern transportation may be a kind of miracle, but it might just as well not exist in so far as the majority of refugees are concerned. Few of them have money, passports or permissions to enter. They are trapped human beings, facing hatreds more ferocious than mankind has known for hundreds of years, and surrounded by an impregnable line of water, steel and hunger. There is no exact parallel. In the days of Roman persecutions, the hunted Christian could hide in the mountains with Cyprian or in the catacombs with Clement. Now there is no hole in the ground out of which an organized police cannot rout their fox.

After more than two centuries of progress and humanitarianism, after twenty years of the League of Nations, after libraries written in praise of modern man, this is the heart-searching finale to which we have come.

A man went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers.

The cup of cold water is a permit of entry into the Kingdom.

There are still multitudes of men and women for whom these words are literally true. But how are they to cope with the problem? I have seen an old French abbé, with scarce enough to eat himself, begging coins to save an Austrian refugee from starvation. He did not succeed in keeping the poor fellow from committing suicide. But he tried. That is one leaf out of the note-book of experiences I gathered studying the German Catholic refugee problem. I am going to talk about that because I know it best. And because also it has so often been neglected.

At this point the reader must pardon a digression. These days, when our victims are going from bread-line to bread-line, when our nuns are adrift in thousands, when our priests are embattled and our laymen scorned, an organ of liberal intelligence believes there is nothing more serious at stake than a discussion by amateurs of the "tie-up between Fascism and the Catholic Church." I may be patting myself on the back, but I believe I may honestly say that no one in the United States has spent more time studying the European Catholic situation from within than I have. Nor will anyone easily assert that I have ever swerved from my democratic principles, even when the going was hard. And I wish to declare here and now that I shall cheerfully guarantee to refute, under decent auspices, the easy statements made by any of the gentry who think that assertions like those fostered by the *New Republic* should be irresponsibly scattered to the four winds. Of course there are Catholic fascists. But is it necessary to remind Mr. Seldes that there were German Jews—and not a few of them—who hoped to the last that Hitler's race laws would not prevent them from rallying to the cause? Nor is it necessary to add that the word "fascism" implies something more than the ability to sense that the régime of Stalin is not all sweetness and light, but rather a bloody morass. This current business is something worse than a mere error, however. It is a stupid blow at hundreds of Catholic leaders who have seen the inside of a concentration camp solely and simply because they could not endure the treatment accorded a victimized Jewish minority. And so I will say bluntly, by the shade of Herbert Croly, that these articles are a deplorable manifestation of intellectual illiteracy. And also of moral degradation.

That having been said, I propose the question: Do you know what it means to be a refugee? One has somehow managed to get across the border. In no country, however, is it possible any longer to secure a permit of residence. The police say bluntly that so many days are granted, and that

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then one must move on. There is no work anywhere—not even a day's work. Perhaps the refugee is bitter at such treatment, but the police cannot help themselves. Their own countrymen are looking in vain for employment; many are on the dole. The system of economic autarchy set up in Central Europe saps the substance of every smaller people. And so the refugee trudges wearily to the relief agencies, of which there are not a few, all unprepared to meet the demands made on them. Perhaps a kindly individual offers lodging and board—many have done so, only to find that the psychological unsettlement through which their guests have passed has produced mental and spiritual difficulties. Many of these men and women were wealthy, prominent, accustomed to having their way. Now they are the lowliest of the lowly, with scarce enough to eat, conscious of being burdens, and unable to find any task at which they might be employed.

Take a specific instance. A fairly young single man this, a Catholic artist, Nordic as I am myself, deeply aware of the ineradicable conflict between Hitler and Christianity. He thinks there must surely be someone who needs a portrait. But the police chase him from hiding-place to hiding-place, he is virtually in tatters, and is finally arrested and escorted back to the German border. The police orders do not include seeing to it that he actually reenters Germany. And so they go stiffly away, he turns round, walks all night and finally discovers another refuge. This goes on and on. He acquires a long list of names on which he can rely for a bed, a meal, a pair of shoes. In other words, he has become a tramp. Little by little he comes to wonder why it is that the maxims of Christianity are so little respected. It seems to him that all the comfortable people who go to church on Sundays could easily, if they wanted to, get him out of his predicament. He does not see, as I have seen, poor miners each giving a week's pay for the sake of their exiled brethren from across the border. He does not understand that a thousand cases such as he mean $10,000, a week —at the very least—and that the weeks go on and on.

One little country has at least 1,500 such Catholic refugees. Most of them cling desperately to some person who has hardly more than they; for in this little country, too, the strange phenomenon of modern Catholicism is repeated—that those of vast means feel a certain sympathy with Hitler, who has outlawed strikes, and that the support for the refugee comes in the main from the same people who once built St. Patrick's Cathedral. But just try to imagine what that means—1,500 people without anything and without even hope for anything. In addition, 1,500 people the majority of whom have become a trifle neurotic. I met a poor German priest—an excellent man, by the way—who was in tears because he couldn't shine his shoes. He was without money, without work, without a home; but the one thing that now seemed to matter supremely was a bit of blacking. I met a woman with two small children. A cleric had befriended her; the little family was living in frugal comfort. But she had worried so about her husband in a concentration camp that she imagined the food provided was injuring her babies.

Let us go to Paris. It may be said to the everlasting honor of French Catholics that they forgot their own troubles long enough to rescue hundreds of families from starvation and even to polish up the little remnant of German they had retained from school. But what can be done with such a problem? In France one cannot even dare talk aggressively about the refugee situation, lest inner and outer political repercussions follow. And so every morning the relief agencies see long queues of hungry, bedraggled men and women line up for the pittance that will keep body and soul together. Not all these people are cultured and agreeable companions. Some are filthy of body and maybe of soul. Little esthetic pleasure is to be derived from working with many of them—indeed, often enough one feels like bringing a chair down on somebody's head. That is one reason why so many rescue organizations last only a little while. I suppose that since 1933 at least 5,000 such organizations have been established. But few—very few—have survived.

There are brighter spots, to be sure. Now and then an opening is made, in spite of everything. I remember in particular the little home somewhere in France which the tireless generosity of a great gentleman made a place of refuge for some German-teaching Sisters. Yet though no one can criticize the effort made, the results to date are on the whole catastrophic. We have saved neither the lives, nor the honor nor the talents of men and women who in large numbers are martyrs to the Faith. The reason is primarily that we have been slow to awake to the dimensions of the problem. We are accustomed to letting the state and the regular welfare organizations deal with hopeless poverty; and here is a situation that neither can handle. Three major needs exist. First, an international pooling of Catholic funds to provide money with which to work. Second, a careful survey of the immigration and employment facilities which are still available. Third, actual organized care on a scale which will rehabilitate shattered men and women.

I believe that when Catholic America is aware of the truth, it will respond generously. After all, our cases can still be numbered by thousands . . . though what the future may bring nobody can tell. We have not forgotten the man who, going from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among robbers. We be-

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lieve nothing more firmly than that a cup of cold water has an eternally valid benediction. The bishops of the United States have established a Committee for Catholic Refugees, the address of which is 123 Second Street, New York City. Though of course I have no right whatever to speak for this committee, I am certain that it will welcome not only the statements made in this paper but also the conclusions which may be drawn from them.

May we be spared long from knowing what it means to flee in haste from ominous terror, penniless and frightened, into a strange land! May we never have to learn what it means to find that there is no room in any inn! But it will do us no harm to think that there are thousands of such frightened, penniless, terror-driven people, many of them with their hands in those of little children whom they brought into this world. Children on whose foreheads is His image Who said no gift was too small to give and no cross too heavy to bear.

The Trouble with Roots

By EVELYN MILLER CROWELL

THE CHARGE has been brought frequently against Americans that they are poor landholders; that they trade and sell and shift so often that they never have time to put down roots and become real lovers of the land. I have read and heard this charge with regret, accepting it as true without going into the reasons. However, during the past five years I have been forced to consider the problem long and agonizingly and have come to the conclusion that, under modern conditions, it is almost impossible to hold intact any sizable tract of land except one which is off the path of progress. Furthermore, an examination of the records, whether they be in Ohio or Texas or California, would indicate that only in rare instances have the children or grandchildren of the pioneers been able to hold inherited land long enough to receive more than a small financial profit; the profits go to late-comers and strangers.

The reason for this is not that the pioneers and their descendants are a shiftless lot; it is that they get caught in a trend of events beyond their control and are forced to sell, or lose, and move on, before they have had opportunity to realize more than a fraction of the potential value of their land. The American pioneer is primarily a farmer, not a promoter, and what he seeks is good farm land, which he and his children may farm indefinitely. Even with the admitted hazards of farming they may get along very well for some years and then one day they wake up and discover that the town, to which they have given little thought except to go there on Saturdays to buy their supplies, has grown out to meet them. Their taxes are raised to a point where they eat up a large share of the farm profits. Given a few bad years, with no profits at all and no money to pay taxes, and the penalties and interest on delinquent taxes begin to pyramid. The farmer who gets far behind with his taxes is sunk. Faced with tax foreclosure, what he usually does is to mortgage his land to pay the taxes and hope for a miracle. The miracle doesn't happen, the mortgage is foreclosed, and he loses his land, anyway. Or, faced with tax foreclosure, he looks about for a purchaser for a part of his land. His extremity is known in the community and, if he sells at all, he sells at a sacrifice.

The wise investor in stocks buys when the price is low and holds for the long pull; he may hold for three years, seeing little or no advance, but when the time is ripe the price will double or triple within three or four months. Then he sells. Land values follow the same course except that the time-lag is more likely to be twenty or even fifty years than two or three or four. But when the time comes to take the profit there remains for the rural landholder the problem of converting his acres into lots served with city water, gas, electricity, paved streets and rapid transit. This is a job for the specialist. The farmer doesn't know anything about it. He either sells his farm acres to the specialist at acreage prices or, as more frequently happens, he holds on to his land to his destruction, trying to farm it after there is no possibility of any other outcome than bankruptcy.

My own struggle to hold inherited land is typical of what happens in this country. My grandfather pioneered to Texas in 1846, the year after this erstwhile republic was admitted to the Union, received a land grant of 640 acres and bought several thousand additional acres in the wilderness of North Texas, where colonization was being fostered. He selected a home site on a hill overlooking the fertile valley of the Trinity River and the handful of log huts which was then Dallas.

He was a farmer and the land which he sought was rich farm land. He lived to be ninety-one and up to the time of his death was an active farmer and stock raiser. But long before his death he was made conscious of the difficulty of landholding, even in a new state. As a good citizen he was expected to, and did, give rights-of-way for railroads and roads, which involved not

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one or two acres but scores of acres, and which cut his land in pieces, not so easily farmed. Some of his laboriously cleared and cultivated farm land had to be sold to make way for the steady growth of Dallas, which pushed first south and then east, in both of which directions his holdings lay.

My mother, his youngest child, inherited the old home and 540 acres surrounding it. Two hundred acres of the land were sold in 1913; 75 acres were mortgaged to a bank and lost during the early part of the depression; more rights-of-way were given for an interurban railway and new roads.

When, in 1933, I took over the responsibility of holding the land, I discovered that what we had was a little under 200 acres of rich farm land which was no longer in the country and which only a millionaire could afford to farm. For years my mother had tried, but with the increasing price of farm labor and the declining price of farm products, the loss which my father had had to pay from his law practise was prohibitive. Later she rented the land on shares, the usual one-fourth for cotton and corn and one-third for wheat and oats, but there had been many years when there had been no profit and she had been left with the bill for seed and groceries which she had underwritten for the tenants, for whom she had supplied houses and to whom she had loaned farm machinery. Since I have taken over, the largest annual income from the land was $567 for wheat in 1937. Out of this amount the landowner had to pay her share for having the wheat threshed and for having it hauled to the mill. The taxes on the land for 1937 were just under $400.

In line with the experience of many others, my first crisis in landholding came in the matter of taxes. When I took inventory of indebtedness after my father's death I found an item of more than $4,000 for taxes, which had been gathering penalties and interest since the beginning of the depression. Of this amount nearly $3,000 was for a special city school tax which had been placed on Dallas County property by an act of the State Legislature. The purpose was to give the children of the suburban and rural school districts city school advantages, but paying a school tax on farm land and a 50-foot city lot is very different. This tax alone was $640 a year, the interest and penalties mounting each month after it became delinquent up to a maximum of 12 percent. Incidentally, the maximum legal rate of interest which a bank may charge in Texas is 8 percent. The wage-earner who must pay 12 percent interest on his taxes is in just as bad shape as if he were in the toils of a loan shark. He can't do it.

But with the delinquent taxes unpaid there was the lively danger of losing the land through tax foreclosure. And to pay off the taxes it was necessary to borrow the money. It was, however, difficult to find a lender. We had 200 acres of rich farm land, completely encircled by suburban development. But no bank or private lender that I approached—and I approached an exhaustive number—would lend a cent on farm land and suburban development had come to a standstill in 1933. Even if we had wanted to sell at a terrific sacrifice there were no buyers, as well as no lenders. In the tradition of the past we should have lost the land then. But there was a newly created federal agency called the Farm Credit Administration. Like thousands of other Americans were doing at the time, I turned to Washington and applied for a loan. It took me eleven months to get the loan through and then we received a $6,000 mortgage on 100 acres of our best land, which had been appraised in 1928 as worth $1,000 an acre. Nevertheless, I was and am extremely grateful for that loan. It is for thirty years, with the interest on $4,000 at 3½ percent and $2,000 at 5 percent, and three years of grace before the amortization began. This may be an extension of paternalism, but it kept us from losing our land. However, it is ironical that what the federal government had to come in and save us from was foreclosure for local government taxes.

Before I leave the subject of taxation as a problem of landholding, I want to point out that we were fortunate in being included in only one independent tax district. Some of the Dallas County landowners nearer the river are in a new levee district, where the land is taxed on the basis of $40 for each $100 of appraised value. They also have the special city school tax, in addition to the regular county and state taxes. I have managed to get our school tax reduced to $264 a year, which is still no small item for me, but is much better than $640.

Next to the problem of paying taxes on any large tract of land during the interim period from the time when it can be farmed profitably to the time when it must be relinquished for residential or business development, I would list the problem of protecting such land against the devastating demands for rights-of-way through it. The difficulty is that the agency which demands right-of-way through your land usually has the right of eminent domain and can go through, whether you like it or not. The era of donating rights-of-way has passed, but the amount offered is likely to be small compensation for the damage done. Twice within a year we have been faced with this problem and have found ourselves helpless before it.

In the first instance a local power and light company demanded and secured right-of-way for a high tension line which cuts clear across our land, from north to south. We fought it for seven years, but they had the right of eminent domain and they went through. Not only is a high tension line unsightly, but it is dangerous. While the wires

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carrying thousands of volts of electricity seldom break, when they do they bring down death and fire hazards with them. This is certainly no asset to land destined for residential development. Furthermore, the 100-foot strip of land required for the right-of-way cuts through a beautiful wooded hillside and, in addition to taking about five acres for the actual right-of-way and damaging all of the surrounding property, cuts off a triangular-shaped piece of land of about sixteen acres from the remainder of our property, leaving it practically useless. The sum received for the right-of-way was not enough to pay off the FCA mortgage.

Now we are in the midst of another land battle, which is likewise destined from the beginning to be a losing one. This time the State Highway Department, with federal aid, wishes to build a new highway which will cut across our land from west to east, creating two more triangular-shaped pieces. Incidentally, it cuts our wheat field in two, the wheat remaining our one source of revenue from the land, and the problem of taking tractors and a thresher across a highway being no small one. The proposed highway will be 162 feet wide and will take 11.45 acres, for which we were offered the munificent sum of $150 an acre. The alternative to accepting this ridiculously small amount was to precipitate condemnation proceedings and fight it out in court. The case is now pending. This means legal representation and land appraisers, of which we must have at least three, at $50 a day.

This highway is going through in spite of the fact that every landowner affected fought it as completely unnecessary. There are already four paved parallel roads to take care of the traffic of that section and any number of connecting roads. As those who live in the community have pointed out, if the state must spend money on roads it might be a good idea to repave and perhaps widen some of those already in existence. But the building of new roads, with state gasoline tax funds and federal aid, has proven highly profitable to construction companies which stand in well with local officials, and so the "master plan" of state road building, conceived in the state capitol, of which this new road is a part, is being pushed while the pushing is good. It will be a through-traffic road on which trucks and passenger cars will dash along at seventy miles an hour, stopping only for gasoline, food and shelter. The natural development along such a highway is filling stations, hot dog stands, and tourist camps. "But you mustn't be selfish," the state engineer said reprovingly to a group of local landowners who had gathered at a protest meeting. By way of kindly warning we were assured that the commissioners really were being very generous in offering us any price at all for the land; that they could condemn it and take it and, in addition, secure "benefit assessments." Such assessments are often made on city property, the owner sometimes losing a building because he cannot pay the assessment for the alleged benefit of a street that has been widened or extended.

The owner of potentially valuable land has another serious problem to meet in the matter of damage to the value of his land by outside factors over which he has no control. This is when a neighboring landowner, pressed for cash, sells a tract of land to a promoter who puts on a shoddy suburban addition. One such development can and does draw down the value of all of the property in the vicinity. Many such developments have been launched during the past few years when landowners, desperately in need of money to pay taxes, have sold small tracts on which hideous little shacks have been built to sell for $10 down and $5 a week, or thereabouts. There are two of these near us and every one of those cheap, ugly houses that has been built has hurt the value of the surrounding property for better residential development. As far as I am concerned, I don't want to sell at all. We've held the land for ninety-two years. Only foreclosure would take the old house and the land which immediately surrounds it away from me, but across the road there are about 170 acres which will have to be sold eventually—or lost. The question is, when the profit-taking time comes, whether I'll get back even the earnings I've poured into the land. I don't know anything about putting on a residential development. I'm no more of a promoter than was my pioneering grandfather. I'll probably sell at acreage prices, like all the rest, and the promoters will take the real profits on the lots.

In the meantime, there is one last problem of landholding that deserves at least a few words. It concerns petty thievery. Every happy Christmas season that comes means that at least fifty or a hundred of our beautiful young cedars, usually those nearest the road, which we have loved and cherished, are cut and dragged away. Our pecans and blackberries and wild plums and peaches and chickens and turkeys are stolen. Wheat is taken out of the fields at night and people actually come in and cut large trees for stove wood and drag them out under back fences. The thievery will probably be worse when the new highway comes through. And, when they don't do anything else, heedless passersby throw lighted cigarettes into the grass and burn off acres of land, including timberland, which is ruined.

As far as I can see the only way to hold onto what grows on your land is to patrol it with a shotgun on your shoulder, but, of course, if you do that you won't be out making money to pay taxes so you'll lose the land, as well as what grows on it.

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Please

By KAPPO PHELAN

I WANT to write of my dog. This is because he is seven years old. He was born in November seven years ago and now when I consider his four grey hairs and his bad leg, I think: today you have got mostly a past. There is no pleasure in this. It is involuntary.

Everyone's dog is always the best dog. For this reason, it is better usually to listen with silence or with questions. Heretofore, I have listened with silence. But now, look what I am doing.

My dog is called Dougal which he knows very well. If you say his name with a question mark, he will come. But if you leave off the question mark, he will wag his tail or he will do nothing. He has understanding.

At this time, it is very interesting for me to break my silence since Dougal has been for two weeks deeply in love with the cat. This is very serious and sad. The cat is called Feather and she is not, I think, in love back. I think she is surprised but to some people this is everything. I am surprised too.

The cat is two years old and for two years she has had a little of a thin time because the dog has always eaten her dinner. He does this on tiptoe and he thinks it a secret, but for two years Feather and I have seen it although we have not broken it. For this reason, the cat has had until lately, two dinners: one for Dougal and one privately. Now, however, she has her own and even a little of the dog's. And she is the happiest she has ever been.

Here I should like to put in advice in case it may be your dog who has fallen in love with your cat. In this case, I think, you must not try to sleep because you cannot. In this place, there is no rug and the pursuit of Feather by Dougal is long and loud and does not, I feel, depend upon success. I cannot help feeling that this circumstance is both fortunate and unfortunate. Unfortunate, because without success, no one can stop going on.

I think I should like also to explain about the rug here. There is none because for three walls this rug must be twice as little as the fourth wall is. It is easy to understand then, how much too much this rug would be.

Often I give my dog an examination. The time hangs usually upon our feeling. Often he has an examination when he does not wish, but seldom when I do not, and never when we do not think of it.

I do think examinations to be a good way. If you are learning something, they may serve to remind you; and even if you are only very pleased with yourself, they may help to keep you the same. Our examination has eight numbers but only four end in questions. I think I will tell about them in a row and after that, put in the answers. But you are to understand the order changes.

This time the first number is: Do you want to go?

2. Sit down.
3. Stay there.
4. Do you want your dinner?
5. Lie down.
6. What do you say?
7. I'll be back.
8. How much do you love me?

Now. To numbers one and four, Dougal must jump and be happy; but to three and eight, he must do nothing—really nothing. Here I am giving you perfection. To two and five, he must do that; and to six he may do whatever he is thinking just then. To the seventh, he must be only very very sad. And this is the one he never misses.

These answers count twenty-five each if they are just right, and less if they are not quite right, and nothing if they are all wrong. Eight times twenty-five is two hundred. And I may say that Dougal has never got less than one hundred. Everyone thinks this exraordinary since one hundred is considered, I believe, the very highest mark. At one time, he got one hundred and forty but we have never mentioned it.

My dog has great wickedness. Very often he would rather be somewhere else out loud. There are times when he must be in a theatre and there he will never, never sit with the audience and be pleased. He is only pleased when he is on the stage which is very inconvenient. He likes very much to make an entrance, many entrances, but he has never, never made an exit. It must always be made for him.

Sometimes he means what can only be called a lie. When I am pointed securely to the north, he will find nothing at all to the south, and run after it, and stay there until I am around the corner. I do not know what happens then, but he has always found someone to find him for a very large reward. And when he is paid for, he will have, I have found, the greatest difficulty in recognizing me. This leaves, I think, a bad impression all around. He is a Scotty.

But my dog is also nice. He is always here and often he will dream exciting dreams which is better than talk. And although he does not care for books he understands the newspapers. At one time, he was very ill and everything had to be covered with papers. And now, when he feels anything coming on, he will immediately find the news. Sometimes he will only lie on it, but at other times it is very nice of him to have remembered.

And here, at the end, I want so much to put in a little bit to say why he is my dear dog and the best dog. But this is very difficult. I think I must only put it in without saying anything.

Thank you very much.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

SPEAKING as a Catholic layman,[1] may I suggest that this national outpouring of prayer on behalf of both the victims and the perpetrators of religious and racial persecution is not merely a subject for sermons and ecclesiastical ceremonies and private and personal supplications to God on the part of believers in religion, but that it is a matter of such immediate, supremely practical importance that it should also be dealt with by our newspapers, and forums, and in our conversation and discussions with the attention and earnestness which it deserves. Too long has religion been relegated to oblivion, even when not actively condemned and proscribed by powerful governments, or reduced to a conventional, minor place among the institutions of human society and culture.

If I needed a text for these remarks, not as the theme for a sermon—for a layman should not preach but should try to practise religion—I should take one from the columns of our daily press, thanking God at the same time that in spite of many faults our American press today overflows with matter for thought and aids to thought as only a free press in a free country may do. And more and more our press is giving space to religion, not only to Sabbath and Sunday quotations from sermons, but to the consideration of what religion really is, namely, the supreme problem and chief concern of civilization. The text I have in mind was supplied by the leading editorial in the New York *Times* of yesterday, entitled, "Democracy." Only that title was original; what followed was Lincoln's Gettysburg address. This address is, for all who love and cherish liberty as the chief value of human society, a revelation, so to speak, second only in its power to convince and inspire to the sacred revelations of Holy Scripture. And indeed Lincoln's words depend upon the words of the Bible. The Gettysburg address is probably the greatest, most nearly perfect statement ever made of humanity's belief that liberty for any nation is only possible under a government of the people, by the people, for the people—and it is clear from what Lincoln said that he believed that such a government was only possible "under God." Our nation, he affirmed, was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. The operative word in that sentence, on which its logic and its truth depend, is the word "created." In Lincoln's creed—which is the creed of all true civilizations—men are not the accidental by-products of the fortuitous interplay of material forces; men are designed; they are created; therefore, there is a Creator; there is a God.

When men lose that faith which Lincoln expressed—or have it shut away from them by dictatorial, totalitarian governments—they turn inevitably to some lesser or false form of fundamental belief around which, and by means of the dynamic power of which, they may unify their personalities and give some purpose to their lives. And when any government is under the domination of such central beliefs as are worshiped and served today in Germany under the Nazi government, or in Russia under the Communist government, or in Italy under the Fascist government—then that government, as we now are realizing, in conformity to the inner law of its very essence and nature, will treat the people under its sway not as human beings equally entitled to their God-given rights to personal, family, corporate and national liberties under the law of justice and of love decreed by God, but as mere pawns upon the chessboard of politics and economic struggles, or cogs and pins of the mechanical mass-production monopolies, or mere slaves of the Servile State, or cannon fodder and bombing targets in wars of conquest and imperialism; while others, again, are degraded even below the level of slaves and are driven forth as pariahs, after being plundered, of course, and dumped forth as the waste product of modern paganism.

Let us make no mistake in estimating the real nature of the Nazi terror. The Hitlers and Goebbels and Himmlers and Goerings are not merely terrorists leading a party for what there is in it for themselves, or their nation, in money, and political and national power and influence. They also are the high priests of an organized false religion which strikes at the very roots of the religion of liberty and love, under the law of the God of all humanity, not only in their own stricken country, but everywhere throughout the world, our own country of course included. That religion, which has many forms, has long been in preparation, especially in Germany. False prophets have proclaimed it. It has been well served by many schools of naturalistic, God-denying philosophy, and propagated with enormous skill by artists and writers in all the grades of literature and journalism, and taught with dreadful success in educational circles throughout the world. And now all these forces are uniting in modern paganism and heathendom, even in barbarism and savagery itself. It is the rebirth of that multiform evil thing which Israel alone opposed for ages, and which the combined spiritual power of Israel and of Christianity, aided by the intellect of Greece and the civilizing laws of Rome, overthrew nearly two thousand years ago.

But now we know that the war was not won. As Lincoln told his fellow countrymen seventy-five years ago, that war must still go on. Our part tonight—and not only for tonight but for every day and in every way possible, in action as well as in ceremony and supplication—is on the battlefield of prayer. We must concentrate the power of prayer: which is the expression of faith: which is the bond of unity with the source of all good power, God, and direct that power against the evil powers seated in the high places of the human mind now controlling mighty nations, and sending forth their invading forces against other nations not yet recreant to Jehovah and to Jehovah's Son, the Lord of Love and Liberty, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. I think God wills it; let our wills concur.

[1] *In cooperation with Protestant and Jewish speakers on November 20, day of national prayer for both the perpetrators and victims of religious and racial persecution, Mr. Williams spoke over Station WOR. His broadcast is printed here.*

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Juveniles, 1938

OFFICIAL statistics are not yet available, but one's impression is that the 1938 publishing season has produced more books for younger readers than have ever before appeared in a comparable period. But whether the output be greater or not, there is no question that it is of higher quality. It is a good many years since I have seen a half-dozen really outstanding juveniles appear in one season; in fact I don't ever recall any such number of first-rate books in a single year's offerings. What constitutes a truly first-rate work of children's literature? For one thing the style of the writing itself must be of a high order; it cannot be too trivial in its content and it must have enough imaginative quality to appeal to older readers as well as those for whom it is immediately intended. It is here that the writer for children finds his greatest problem: if he is too sophisticated or too "cute," he may produce something that will appeal to mother and father and not to son or daughter; if he restricts himself to the adventures of a mouse running down a street or a little boy going to the circus, he is likely to produce a book which will have an appeal to son and daughter for a time, but which has no vitality and will not live. And then a great juvenile generally must be greatly illustrated. Tenniel makes Lewis Carroll live just as much as Carroll himself.

The attempt in this listing has been to make available to parents and godparents and uncles and aunts and anyone else who would give books to children practical information on this year's crop of new books. Reprints are not included unless they have new illustrations. The books are divided roughly according to age, and according to subject within the age limits, so that a buyer will not be forced to examine the book carefully if he or she has prejudices or preferences as to subject-matter. Many books have deliberately not been listed as being in no sense unusual or above the conventional average. Those marked with an asterisk (*) are particularly good values from the point of view of price. Those marked with a dagger (†) contain something objectionable from a Catholic point of view—at least to my mind.

As a further convenience there are listed in the two boxes which accompany this analysis the ten Catholic books which seem the best, including one or two from earlier seasons, and the ten secular books of this season which seem to me to deserve particular recommendation. In these two boxes it is indicated in each case whether the book is recommended by (1) the Book Shop of the St. Paul Guild, (2) the Pro Parvulis Book Club and (3) the Boston *Pilot's* 1938 List of Catholic Books.

Those who wish to obtain editions of classics for children, or else inexpensive reprints of books of other years, are referred to the publications of Messrs. Grosset and Dunlap, Halcyon House (recent reprints at reduced prices), Rand McNally (very inexpensive popular favorites), E. P. Dutton, Oxford University Press, Longmans, Macmillan (older classics and adult classics in cheap editions). No listings of "toy books"—printed on cloth for durability, etc.—are here included.

A word or two needs to be said about age classifications. In spite of the librarians and psychologists, these classifications do not mean very much to parents, since most parents have no very precise notion of the "mental ages"

Ten Catholic Books

This is a list of convenience; there is no significance to the number ten, except that one has to draw the line somewhere. Books are arranged under authors, alphabetically. The last two books are not this year's.

(1) (3) Catherine Beebe. ABC'S FOR CATHOLIC BOYS AND GIRLS. Illustrations by Robb Beebe. Longmans. $1.00. Quatrains with charming two-color illustrations. The religious life of the child forms an unobtrusive part of the whole. Children of alphabet age.

(1) (3) Catherine Beebe. LITTLE PATRON OF GARDENERS. Illustrations by Robb Beebe. Longmans. $1.00. Saint Fiacre in Ireland and France. For the youngest age group.

(2) Graham Carey. TAILS BOOK. Illustrations by Francis Dahl. Sheed & Ward. $2.00. Easily the most unusual book of the year. Each chapter deals with the tail of a different animal and the teleology thereof, the whole affording an admirable and painless introduction to philosophy.

(2) Sybil Deucher and Opal Wheeler. GIOTTO TENDED THE SHEEP. Illustrations by Dorothy Bayley. Dutton. $2.50. The story of Giotto's early life, his artistic apprenticeship and success. Among the illustrations are several of his more famous works.

(1) (2) June Head. A DAY IN BETHLEHEM. Illustrated by Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo. Ars Sacra. $.50. Just what the name implies, with exceptional illustrations. For tiny tots.

(1) (2) June Head. THE CLOUD KITCHEN. Illustrated by Ida Bohatta-Morpurgo. Ars Sacra. $.50. The occupations of the angels at Christmas time.

(2) Thomas Butler Feeney, S.J. AVE MARIA. Illustrated by Jeanne Hebbelynck. P. J. Kenedy. $.50. A more strictly spiritual little book with exquisite pictures. Each phrase of the Angelic Salutation has its own poem and picture.

(1) (2) Camille Melloy. TROUBADOUR OF GOD. Translated by Agnes Franklin Keyes. Illustrations by Jeanne Kerremans. P. J. Kenedy. $1.25. A charmingly told and magnificently illustrated life of Saint Francis.

(1) (2) Lauren Ford. A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT GOD. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday. $1.50. A charming account of creation and the history of the Jewish people up to the redemption.

(1) (2) Maria Montessori. THE MASS EXPLAINED TO CHILDREN. A few rather bad illustrations. Sheed & Ward. $1.00. An excellent introduction to the Mass.

1. Recommended by the St. Paul Guild bookshop.
2. Recommended by the Pro Parvulis Book Club.
3. Recommended by the Boston *Pilot's* 1938 list of books.

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A Practical Guide

of their children. Some children develop more quickly along one line of knowledge than another. Thus a boy of ten may be quite an expert on fishes and yet have only a normal knowledge of history, or vice versa. So I have tried to indicate age levels in a very general way as: *elementary,* for children who cannot read, or have just learned how; *intermediate,* for those who are beginning to be able to acquire information from their reading; and *junior,* for age levels capable of reading simple adult literature but preferring the predigested. Books in the first two categories are often literature and preserve their interest for adults; books in the last category often have little lasting value. Many are published; very few are here listed.

Animal Books for the Very Young

THIS is a perennial theme in books intended for reading aloud and for study (of the pictures) by those who cannot yet read themselves. They can even serve as a source of entertainment for a little time after reading has been acquired; many of them hold everlasting entertainment for adults.

*THE ADVENTURES OF MONTE AND MOLLY. By Darwin J. Adams. Illustrations by L. Franklin van Zelm. Macaulay. $2.00. Two white mice (is this racism?) form a steamship company and go sailing around San Francisco Bay. After many adventures with Terpsichore, the cat, they are finally forced into friendship with her, go to South America, have many narrow escapes and at last set out for home once more. Will appeal to slightly older children also.

WHITE TAIL. By Nell Stolp Smock. Illustrated by the author. Platt and Munk. $.50. A story of a fawn well told and illustrated. The pictures have artistic merit. A bargain at the price.

FRISKY FINDING A HOME. By Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan. Dodd Mead. $.50. Another dog comes to the Bryan kennel. A mischievous puppy seeks a master and a home. Excellent.

BOW-WOW STORIES and FARM FRIENDS. By Watty Piper. Illustrators various. Platt and Munk. $.50 each. Very good descriptions of breeds of dogs with color pictures of each and similar treatment of common farm animals. Useful for city children.

SLEEK: THE STORY OF AN OTTER. By David M. Stearns. Illustrated by Sharon Stearns. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.00. An animal story purely, giving a good idea of the life of the otter.

*BARKIS. By Clare Turley Newberry. Harper. $1.50. One of the handsomest of the books for the very young produced this year; a simple story of the relations between a puppy and a kitten which cannot help appealing to any child.

LITTLE LAMB. By Dahris Martin. Illustrated by Lilly Somppi. Harper. $1.50. A charming and beautifully printed little book for any child who likes animals.

THE STREAMLINED PIG. By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Harper. $1.50. The story of what happened on a farm in a flood, with illustrations in the artist's best vein.

PATRICK WAS HIS NAME. By Esther Brann. Illustrations by the author. Macmillan. $1.00. An odd-looking dog wins a prize in the mixed breed class.

BLAZE AND THE FOREST FIRE. By C. W. Anderson. Illustrations by the author. Macmillan. $1.00. A pony warns the farmers of a forest fire.

LADY BIRD. By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. Oxford. $.75. A fat and determined pony succeeds in breaking through all barriers until finally she is tied to a tree.

*WHILE THE STORY-LOG BURNS. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Lemuel Palmer. Little, Brown, $2.00. Some more animal stories from an old master.

*GLOOMY THE CAMEL. By Grace Paull. Illustrated by the author. Viking, $1.50. All the animals in the zoo come into this, but the hero is the camel. The illustrations might almost be in the *New Yorker.*

*BUTTONS. By Tom Robinson. Viking. $2.00. The pleasantest cat book of the year. An alley cat is adopted and civilized by the author.

*BABAR AND HIS CHILDREN. Written and illustrated by Jean DeBrunhoff. Random. $3.00. Another Babar book, which, if you don't know it already, concerns elephants.

Ten General Books

Once more there is no pretense that these are the best of the crop. But they are definitely good and can be wholeheartedly recommended. None of them are "picture books," although several are beautifully illustrated. The numbers have the same meaning as in the Catholic list.

(1) (2) (3) Hazel Boswell. FRENCH CANADA. Illustrated by the author. Viking. $2.00. A Protestant does remarkably well at depicting the life of the province of Quebec.

(1) (2) Charlotte Brontë. JANE EYRE. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Oxford. $3.00. An exquisite edition of a classic which has long been loved by young girls.

(1) (2) Eva G. Connor. LETTERS TO CHILDREN. Macmillan. $2.50. One of the most instructive and finest children's books of the year. Copiously illustrated with portraits.

(1) (2) Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock. THE FAR DISTANT OXUS. Macmillan. $2.00. The story of a vacation in the country in England, written by the children who took the vacation—one 15 and the other 16. A book written with extraordinary charm.

(2) Marguerite Fellows Melcher. OFFSTAGE, MAKING PLAYS FROM STORIES. Illustrated by Hilda Richman. Knopf. $1.50. An excellent, practical book full of hints as to how to dramatize stories for oneself at home.

(1) (2) Eric P. Kelly. AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN COMPASS. Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin. Macmillan. $2.00. A young English lad who is a printer's apprentice becomes associated with the famous printing house of Christopher Plantin in Antwerp.

(2) Thomas Whitney Surette. SONGS FROM MANY LANDS. With illustrations in color. Harcourt. $2.50. The songs are well chosen and the illustrations particularly good.

(2) Helen Tinyanova. STRADIVARI. THE VIOLIN-MAKER. Rewritten in English by Charles Angoff. Illustrated by Harrie Wood. Knopf. $1.50. An altogether admirable child's life of the great violin-maker.

(1) (2) J. R. R. Tolkien. THE HOBBIT. Illustrated. Houghton. $2.50. A brilliantly told modern fairy story of Bilbo Baggins, the Hobbit, and his journey in search of the dragon's horde of gold.

(2) Blanche Jennings Thompson. MORE SILVER PENNIES. Illustrated by Pelagie Doane. Macmillan. $1.25. Miss Thompson follows her first book with another which contains over a hundred poems, together with brief biographical information.

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THE STORY OF EBIRD. Written and illustrated by Charles Cleek. Morrow. $1.25. An under-dog story written by a lad who was very young himself a year or two ago.

*ORLANDO, THE MARMALADE CAT. Written and illustrated by Kathleen Hale. Scribner. $2.50. Beautifully made and "huge." The pictures are full of humor and detail.

NOBODY'S MOUSE. Written and illustrated by Emma L. Brock. Knopf. $1.75. A mouse runs down a street in Greenwich Village and gets generally chased.

Animal Stories for Intermediates

*LITTLE SHARP EARS. By John Y. Beaty. Illustrated by Helene Carter. Lippincott. $2.00. A beautifully illustrated account of the life lived by a baby whale under the surface of the ocean.

*THE BOOK OF BIBLE ANIMALS. By W. W. Robinson. Illustrated by Irene B. Robinson. Harper. $1.75. Another book on the animals of the Bible; not as good as Dorothy Lathrop's last year, but still a fine piece of work artistically.

*HIDE AND GO SEEK. By Dorothy Lathrop. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan. $1.50. Dorothy Lathrop creates another animal book, this time devoted to one of the most charming of wild beasts, the flying squirrel.

*BANDMASTER'S HOLIDAY. By Jack Bechdolt. Illustrated by Decie Merwin. Oxford. $1.00. A musical seal escapes to the ocean.

BUFFO AND PETRO. By Alison Baigrie Alessios. Illustrated by Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $1.50. A dog, a pig and a boy on one of the Isles of Greece.

*MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS. By Richard and Florence Atwater. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Little, Brown. $1.50. A very amusing account of a house painter who acquires a penguin—and then acquires a lot more.

*ANDY AND THE LION. By James Daugherty. Illustrated by the author. Viking. $1.50. Our old friend Androcles gets put in a Kentucky mountain cabin and his lion inhabits a zoo.

LITTLE TOAD. By Frances Margaret Fox. Illustrated by Sherman C. Hoeflich. Viking. $1.00. An unusual book which sets out to free children of their fears and superstitious beliefs about toads.

THREE RINGS. Written and illustrated by Paul Brown. Scribner. $2.00. A circus story, one of a series.

KANGAROO TWINS. Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. Dutton. $1.00. One of the baby twins is bad and venturesome and has awful experiences with other Australian animals until found by his mother.

THE PIG THAT DANCED A JIG. By Katharine D. Morse. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. Dutton. $1.00. An Irish pig becomes jealous of his mistress's new dolls and runs away.

BUMBULBUZZ. Written and illustrated by Rosalie K. Fry. Dutton. $1.50. A very human bee goes about his daily work in a bee-human fashion.

*MRS. PEREGRINE AND THE YAK. By Esther Burns. Illustrated by Eloise Wilkin. Holt. $1.00. A truly good story of the kindly lady who felt sorry for the yak in the zoo and went to Tibet to get him a companion.

*THE JUMPING LIONS OF BORNEO. By J. W. Dunne. Illustrated by Irene Robinson. Holt. $2.00. A magnificent book, overflowing with jungle animals.

*THE PORPOISE OF PIRATE BAY. By F. Martin Howard. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Random. $2.00. Another magnificent animal book—the Atlantic off Florida.

PERRI. By Felix Salten. Bobbs. $2.50. A new book by the author of "Bambi."

Photographs of Animals

THE BABY GIANT PANDA. By Ruth Harkness. Carrick and Evans. $2.00. An endearing account of the first giant panda ever captured and put into a zoo, by his friend and captor, Mrs. Harkness. The photographs are many of them superb.

*THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO. By Stacy and Horace Woodard. Stackpole. $2.00. This is really a remarkable book. It concerns the experiences of a little Mexican boy with animals friendly and unfriendly, the latter shown in amazing action photographs which it must have taken infinite time and patience to make. Any child that likes pets will cherish this.

FIVE LITTLE KITTENS. By Lena Towsley. Illustrated with photographs by the author. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.50. Many of the photographs are as good as cat and kitten photos can be; some few are disappointing.

INSECT ALLIES. By Eleanor King and Wilmer Pessels. Harper. $1.25. An instructive account of how entomologists try to fight insect pests by importing their natural enemies. Some of the photographs will not please children who do not like bugs.

CHANCO. By Helen Orr Watson. Illustrated with photographs. Harper. $2.00. All about an army homing pigeon from his birth onward.

*THE FLOP-EARED HOUND. By Ellis Credle. Oxford. $2.00. A little Negro boy and his dog and family. Amazingly sympathetic photographs with a good deal of sociological significance.

*LITTLE ORPHAN WILLIE-MOUSE. By Lynwood M. Chace and Evelyn M. Chadwick. Longmans. $1.00. Very fine photographs of the life of a woodmouse from birth to self-sufficiency.

CHILDREN OF THE GOLDEN QUEEN. By Flora McIntyre. Illustrated with photographs. Dutton. $1.50. The natural history of the bee and apiculture for the young.

THE ALPHABET OF BIRDS, BUGS AND BEASTS. By Henry B. Kane. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by the author. Houghton. $1.50. A nature book in alphabetical order simply presented.

*BIG AND LITTLE. By Ylla. Scribner. $1.75. The celebrated photographer of the Paris zoo gives us a remarkable photograph book.

Stories about Children for the Very Young

EDGAR: THE 7:58. By Phil Stong. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.50. A whimsey about a train that arrived on time and then proceeded to do all sorts of strange things. A bit more adult than juvenile.

ONCE ON CHRISTMAS. By Dorothy Thompson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Oxford. $.50. Our most celebrated female columnist found time to write this before her attention became absorbed completely by the actions of Mr. Hitler. Much more charming than her remarks on either the Czech crisis or the Jewish persecutions.

*TIM AND LUCY GO TO SEA. By Edward Ardizzone. Oxford. $2.00. Another book in a series, having the same degree of charm as its predecessors. A little British.

A WISH FOR TIMOTHY. By Catherine Beebe. Illustrated by Ross Beebe. Oxford. $1.00. Timothy Un-Boy could undress and was untidy, unfair, unkind and other unpleasant things. A little forced, but amusing.

*WEE GILLIS. By Munro Leaf. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Viking. $1.50. This is not another "Ferdinand," but it will give joy to those who read it who are *not* children. And the pictures are lovely in any case.

LITTLE PANCHO. By Leo Politi. Viking. $.50. Illustrated by the author. A Mexican boy and his dog in the jungle, with truly original drawings.

EPAMINONDAS AND HIS AUNTIE. By Sara Cone Bryant. Illustrated by Inez Hogan. Houghton. $1.00. A classic for small children in a new, separate edition.

Stories for Intermediates—From Seven to Ten

JOHN HOE OR A PENNY SAVED. Written and illustrated by Eleanor Barté. Stokes. $1.50. The story of how too much preoccupation with pennies creates a miser. A better moral than Franklin's.

RUNAWAY BALBOA. By Enid Johnson. Illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck. Harper. $2.00. An electric mule on the Panama Canal decides to run away from his tracks and has many adventures in the jungle. I would suspect that this book appeals more to adults than to children.

*THE FOREST POOL. By Laura Adams Armer. Illustrations by the author. Longmans. $2.00. A magnificently illlustrated story of two little Mexican boys and their experiences in the jungle.

*LONG AGO IN ROUEN. By Ida M. Withers. Illustrated by Maggie Salcedo. Oxford. $1.50. Charming French tales gayly illustrated.

*THE THREE POLICEMEN. By William Pene Du Bois. Illustrated by the author. Viking. $2.00. A young author writes and illustrates with fine fantasy a story of a fabulous island of the blessed.

†NINO. By Valenti Angelo. Illustrated by the author. Viking. $2.00. A well-known book illustrator tells of his youth. Since he comes from Liberal Italy, his telling is distinctly anti-clerical.

†PAINTED SAINTS. By Lucy Embury. Illustrated by Guy Alexander. Viking. $2.00. A charmingly printed and illustrated book which has for hero a most unpriestly and disedifying priest.

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THE COTTAGE AT BANTRY BAY. By Hilda Van Stockum. Illustrated by the author. Viking. $2.00. An Irish story; illustrations excellent.

COPPER-TOED BOOTS. Written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday. $2.00. Tales of Michigan in the 'seventies.

WEE BRIGIT O'TOOLE. By Ruth Holberg. Illustrated by Richard Holberg. Doubleday. $1.00. An Irish lass grows up in Minnesota a number of years ago.

Junior Novels

MADELEINE'S COURT. By Mildred Criss. Illustrated by Pierre Brissand. Dodd, Mead. $2.00. A young girl and her artistic father living on an island in the Seine in Paris. A pleasant story, on the theme of the daughter who saves the day when all goes wrong with her parent. Particularly good illustrations.

THIMBLE SUMMERS. By Elizabeth Enright. Illustrated by the author. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.00. A delightfully illustrated story of farm life in the Middle West.

NORTHEND WILDCATS. By Clyde Brion Davis. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.00. A Missouri boy and his gang in the 1890's. Good pictures.

IRON DUKE. By John R. Tunis. Illustrated by Johan Bull. Harcourt. $2.00. A well illustrated boys' novel based on life at Harvard. The writing has reasonably good literary quality.

RED HUGH OF IRELAND. By Jeannette Covert Nolan. Illustrated by Richard Bennett. Harper. $2.00. An historical novel of the young Irishman who became "The O'Donnell."

OLYMPIAD. By Albert I. Mayer, Jr. Illustrated by Cleveland J. Woodward. Harper. $2.00. A story of ancient Greece.

SHUTTERED WINDOWS. By Florence Crannell Means. Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Houghton. $2.00. A colored girl is brought up in Minneapolis and then has to move to an island off South Carolina, where she comes in immediate contact with the problems and emergence of her race.

American History in Fact and Fancy

(Books suitable for intermediate ages are marked "Y.")

*(Y) YOUNG SETTLER. By Phil Stong. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Dodd, Mead. $2.00. Experiences of a Kentucky youngster in Iowa (1837). With Indians and ponies. Fine piece of work.

INDIAN HUNTING GROUNDS. By Caroline D. Emerson. Illustrated by Remington Schuyler. Stokes. $1.75. Indian stories from all over the continent, making clear the distinctions between tribes.

*DANCING TOM. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Macmillan. $1.00. A family moves from the Upper Ohio to better lands on the Mississippi and builds a new home—flat boats, a little pig, and a pioneer family.

*"HELLO, THE BOAT!" By Phyllis Crawford. Illustrated by Edward Laning. Holt. $2.00. A story of a family's migration down the Ohio to Cincinnati in 1817. Winner of the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation prize.

*BY WAGON AND FLATBOAT. By Enid Meadowcroft. Illustrated by Ninon MacKnight. Crowell. $2.00. Another family in migration from Pennsylvania to Cincinnati, but thirty years earlier in time.

*(Y) AND THERE WAS AMERICA. Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. $2.00. A sophisticated French artist commemorates his American naturalization by writing a charming account of our beginnings.

*(Y) AMERICA BUILDS HOMES. By Alice Dalgliesh and Lois Maloy. Scribner. $1.60. The early English-speaking parts of the New World are settled (New Amsterdam, Virginia, New England, Pennsylvania).

Fairy Stories Old and New

ONE FOOT IN FAIRYLAND. Sixteen tales by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Stokes. $2.50. The illustrator of "Ferdinand" adds his precise and gracious touch to a collection of Farjeon tales not hitherto published in this country.

*IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE. Illustrated by Richard Bennett. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Somewhat less than half of the Hans Christian Andersen stories in a new translation and with excellent pictures.

*THREE TALES FROM GRIMM. Macmillan. $1.25. Sleeping Beauty, The Frog Princess and Mother Hulda, beautifully illustrated.

*EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON. Edited from the Dasent Translation and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. Viking. $3.50. A group of Norse folk tales, illustrated with fine craftsmanship.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. Illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward McCann. $1.00. Grimm's story.

*THE TALE OF THE LAND OF GREEN GINGER. Written and illustrated by Noel Langley. Morrow. $2.50. A modern fairy story sequel to Aladdin and the lamp.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Winston. $1.50. A fine reprint.

Biography for the Young

PASTEUR: KNIGHT OF THE LABORATORY. By Francis E. Benz. Illustrated by James MacDonald. Dodd, Mead. $2.00. An excellent biography of the French scientist.

LEADER BY DESTINY. By Jeanette Eaton. Illustrated by Jack Manley Rose. Hartcourt, Brace. $3.00. A life of George Washington which particularly stresses the hero theme as a key to history. Well done.

*THE YOUNG BRONTES. By Mary Louise Jarden. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Viking. $2.50. An excellent account of the childhood and early days of the Brontës in Harworth.

THE HAPPY AUTOCRAT. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Illustrated by W. M. Berger. Longmans. $2.00. A good life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, badly illustrated.

*DEEP-FLOWING BROOK. By Madeleine Goss. Illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. Holt. $2.50. The life of J. S. Bach admirably told.

The Arts and Crafts

KNIT ONE, PURL ONE. By Emma L. Shields and Helen D. Wemple. Illustrated with photographs. Stokes. $1.50. Knitting and crocheting for girls who have never done either.

THE COSTUME BOOK FOR PARTIES AND PLAYS. By Joseph Leeming. Illustrated by Hilda Richman. Stokes. $2.50. A simple, clear and inexpensive manual of costume design which will make easy the home manufacture of period clothes.

THE BEGINNER'S PUPPET BOOK. By Alice M. Hoben. Noble and Noble. $2.00. A good and complete account of how to give puppet plays.

YOUNG AMERICA'S COOK BOOK. Compiled by the Home Institute of the New York Herald Tribune. Illustrated with many photographs. Scribner. $1.75. The best thing of the sort to have appeared. Warmly recommended.

SHADOW PLAYS AND HOW TO PRODUCE THEM. By Winifred H. Mills and Louise M. Dunn. Illustrated by Corydon Bell and with photographs. Doubleday. $2.00. How to adapt a Far Eastern art to Western themes. Excellent.

Miscellaneous

*THE COLOURED LANDS. By G. K. Chesterton. Illustrations by the author. Sheed & Ward. $3.00. A superb collection of hitherto unpublished sensible nonsense, GKC at his happiest. "The Disadvantage of Having Two Heads," with its fine pictures in full color, is in itself a whole child's book. "Half Hours in Hades" is all the demonology an older child needs. And all of the book will delight adults.

*THE GREAT STORY. Harcourt, Brace. $2.00. A handsomely printed, large format "Bible harmony" for younger readers. The text is that of the King James version. The pictures are reproduced from works of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Titian, etc. An excellent value.

THREE CHILDREN AND SHAKESPEARE. By Anne Terry White. Illustrated by Beatrice Tobias. Harper. $2.50. A combination of re-tellings and readings from four of Shakespeare's plays (Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, Julius Caesar, the Taming of the Shrew) with much miscellaneous information on the Elizabethan stage.

*OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. By Sarah Catherine Martin. Oxford Press. $5.00. A facsimile reprint of the original manuscript. If a parent wishes a child to cultivate a liking for fine books, and can afford it, this is a good beginning.

THE MUSIC ALBUM. By Samuel G. Houghton. Morrow. $2.50. A clever book for imprinting in the child mind the major facts about the great composers and their music by means of stamps and stickers and note-book entries.

*THE SONG OF ROLAND. Translated by Merriam Sherwood. Illustrated by Edith Emerson. Longmans. $2.00. A new translation of the old French epic, with fine illustrations.

*STORIES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Adapted and illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Winston. $2.75. An excellent book, magnificently illustrated.

*THE CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE. By E. Nesbit. Illustrated by Rolf Klep. Twelve plays retold by a children's favorite author of some years ago. Good.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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Points & Lines

Congress of Industrial Organizations

THE CIO convention, held in Pittsburgh from November 14 to 18, resulted in the adoption of a constitution by the vertical unions setting them up as an independent and full-blown labor confederation, in the election of officers for the new "congress," the passage of numerous resolutions, and in the reflective remarks of many labor observers. Mr. Lewis delivered a report at the beginning of the meeting, giving statistics which the New York *Times* reports as follows:

> The CIO's financial report for three years shows total receipts stated as $3,540,385.62 and expenses as $3,510,954.93, showing a balance of $29,430.69. . . . The CIO report claims a membership of 4,037,877, but deducting the 250,000 represented by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which is not sending delegates, the net membership would be 3,787,877. This presumably covers those who are paying dues and those exempt from dues because of unemployment.

Concerning the report, Mr. Green of the AFL said:

> No patent medicine literature ever contained more sweeping and misleading claims than this report. It constitutes a deliberate attempt to deceive the members of the CIO and the public.

The New York *Herald Tribune* echoes this opinion:

> The so-called report of Mr. John L. Lewis to the first constitutional convention of the CIO is in no real sense a report at all but simply a vehicle for his oratory concerning the past and future of his organization. Mr. William Green's charge . . . may be a little extreme, but one can say that if it had been issued as the prospectus of a business house it would never have passed the scrutiny of the S.E.C. . . . But what does one expect of an irresponsible autocracy?

Resolutions passed by the convention dealt with an unwieldy number of topics, including, among others, all these: the Wagner Act (strong support); the anti-Semitism of the Nazis; foreign policy (it counseled the government to "cooperate with all other democratic nations in the protection and strengthening of democracy and democratic institutions," and endorsed "a program that would enable this government to extend governmental credits to Central and South American countries which will permit the people of such nations to purchase American goods and commodities and provide a bulwark of American democracy in Central and South America to thwart economic and political penetration of the fascist nations of Germany, Italy and Japan"); commending the Senate Civil Liberties Committee; favoring increasing old age and unemployment security measures; calling for greater central coordination of the federal government; asking for greater national health service; upholding wage contracts once entered and the observance of all bargained agreements; endorsing cooperatives; praising the women's auxiliaries to the trade union movement; condemning the poll tax; censuring the newspapers for their treatment of labor news; asking buyers to follow the union label; supporting civil service; commending WPA, housing activities, the wage-hour system, national defense; asking for the abolition of strike-breaking agencies; proposing that the federal government refuse to send money to local governmental units that disregard the rights of labor; threatening Henry Ford with a boycott.

The attitude of the convention toward the Left Wing was especially watched by observers. The Pittsburgh *Catholic* noticed that the convention was opened with prayers by a Lutheran minister and by Reverend Charles Owen Rice, the latter priest appearing at the direction of the diocesan authorities. It was concluded that:

> It can be said, however, that the gathering has been characterized by order, democracy, efficiency and good sense, and all of this to an extent that few conventions can claim.

A special article in the *World Telegram* gave the opinion that:

> The outcome was a thorough trouncing for the "left wingers" and a convincing proof, added to many others, that the Lewis forces held control.

Erwin D. Canham, writing of the spirit of the CIO in the *Christian Science Monitor,* says:

> These workers are not docile folk. Their very argument tells that. They would never suit Stalin nor Hitler, and these gentlemen would not suit them. Listen to them for half an hour and you will decide they would bring Communism or Nazism crashing in a week.

There was a short, half-hearted challenge to the established authorities of the CIO by a group identified as the Left Wing, reported by the *Times:*

> Chairman Lewis, just before this session [which passed the constitution], on the convention platform and in the presence of important CIO leaders, privately warned Harry H. Bridges of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union that the extremists could expect no "deals" from him, that he would fight them if that was what they wanted and would "lick" them. If they wish to cooperate, he said, that was their affair but he would make no commitments. Mr. Lewis then opened the meeting and in public he warned the Bridges group that an adopted rule of procedure would not be changed to please them and that it would do them no good to "rail" or protest.

Before the convention closed, all these factions made very public peace. In an editorial following the convention, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* states:

> At bottom, there is no question of radicalism and conservatism between the CIO and the AFL, though, of course, such methods of the CIO as the sit-down strike, which this newspaper has condemned, are definitely radical. Apart from such methods, however, the fundamental question is whether labor organization is still to be dominated by horse-and-buggy technique or whether it is to be modernized.

The Baltimore *Sun* analyzes Mr. Lewis's report to the convention and draws the following conclusions about political and social philosophy:

> . . . In short, most of Mr. Lewis's proposals smack of the familiar New Deal theory that, if you give the consumer money enough, the consequent increase in "purchasing power" will solve everything, even if production be so neglected that there isn't enough to purchase. It is disappointing to find Mr. Lewis accepting these assumptions which up to now have borne such meager fruits.

The magazine, *America,* reiterates its suspicions of Communism in the CIO in its issue of November 19:

> There are communists in the AFL; there are communists

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in the CIO. The attitude of the leaders of those two organizations is different. The AFL officials on more than one occasion have denounced the efforts of the revolutionists to gain control; they actually fought them for twenty years. The CIO leaders have remained silent in the face of the most direct accusations, used the "smear and smile" method of the communists in place of refutation.

Concerning the convention itself, and the problems of ideology, unity, campaigns, politics, etc., perhaps the remark of *Business Week* is justified:

> Leaders of the CIO took a crafty course at convention, left the general public and the union members on both sides of the fence guessing about future moves.

Reviving France

THE EFFORTS of the French to rebuild their forces following the diplomatic defeat of the Munich agreement culminated in their new Finance Minister's, Paul Reynaud's, thirty-two decree laws, which are well summarized in *Business Week:*

> The drastic new program divides itself into two parts: (1) to stimulate industry and boost national income from 30% to 40%, the 40-hour week law will be set aside temporarily, the rigid 5-day week will be extended to 5½ or 6 days—as the job demands—overtime will be allowed and up to 250 hours will be payable at 10% above normal rates. A special tax of 10% is to be levied on all profits arising from overtime production. (2) The franc is revalued at the rate of 170 to the British pound and the paper profit (about 31,000,000,000 francs) is going to be applied to the repayment of temporary advances made to the government by the Bank of France which total 48,000,000,000 francs. Direct taxes are boosted to provide an estimated 3,000,000,000 francs of revenue. These include a 2% increase in the tax on salaries and an increase in the tax on production from 8.70 to 9%. Indirect taxes are boosted—including those on gasoline, coffee, tobacco, gunpowder, wine, telephones, stamps—and bus and subway fares are increased. More than 40,000 men are being shifted from the national railways to the defense industries.

In announcing these laws M. Reynaud declared it was a question of saving the country and added, according to *Time:*

> "A country which next year is going to spend 25 billions of francs for national defenses cannot afford the luxury of great public works. Machine guns are more necessary today—alas—than stone fountains for villages."

Newsweek indicated the figure of speech by which the Daladier régime endeavored to persuade the French citizenry of the necessity for the new program:

> Reynaud had compared France's position to that of a motor in perfect order except for a low battery. His new decrees were intended to revitalize the motor in three ways: (1) to restore confidence and stem the flight of capital; (2) to increase tax revenue; (3) most pressing of all, to increase national production by increasing working hours during the emergency. . . . At least for the present the choice was against exchange control and new restrictions on export of capital, thus hoping to restore confidence by continued liberty.

Another indication of the temper of the present French government is indicated in a dispatch from Paris, dated November 20, published in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> The newspaper, *Le Matin,* said today that the French government had decided to establish concentration camps for undesirable foreigners convicted of crime in France. "The government anticipates the establishment of special centers where there will be grouped all individuals who must be put under permanent surveillance in the interest of order and public security," the newspaper said. In addition *Le Matin* said that all foreigners who have been convicted of three crimes within ten years would be sent to French Guiana, the penal colony which includes Devil's Island. The measures to be taken, it was added, concerned only those foreigners who have violated French laws either by entering the country illegally or by committing crimes after they have arrived.

A United Press dispatch tells of the growing opposition to the new decree laws:

> Inspired by various motives virtually all political and public groups have withdrawn their support from the Premier, despite the people's acclaim as he rode through the streets of Paris on his return from Munich last month. While the Socialists, Communists and trade unionists have embarked on a nation-wide stumping campaign against the new decrees, conservative parties have adopted a watchful negative attitude. The war veterans' associations, which in the past assented to reductions in pensions as a gesture of cooperation with former recovery plans, have definitely refused to accept Premier Daladier's request for further sacrifices.

Other opposition is chronicled by the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis:

> Two rightist political parties today joined the Socialists and Communists in calling for the overthrow of Premier Daladier's government because of its financial program. François de la Rocque's French Social party, which as the Croix de Feu led the riots against the previous Daladier Cabinet in February, 1934, called the Premier's program "dangerous and inopportune." The French People's party headed by Deputy Jacques Doriot declared the new financial measures "threaten only the working man."

With a general strike now called a fierce internal struggle is apparently in prospect. According to one Associated Press dispatch the Daladier government would be assured of remaining in power for at least three years by postponing French elections until 1942. Another scheme reported in the *Post-Dispatch* has similar objectives:

> Daladier was reported by deputies to be planning to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and rule France for a time without Parliament if it refuses to ratify his three-year plan for reviving French economy. If his decree laws do not get immediate ratification when the deputies meet December 6 he would dissolve the Chamber. Under the decree laws he is empowered to wait six months before calling a newly elected chamber.

A much more hopeful method of approaching this whole problem is suggested by Emmanuel Mounier in *Esprit:*

> It would be misleading to think that the totalitarian movement cannot take hold with us unless there is intensive superarmament and the placing of the country on a war-time footing. There is an entering wedge and we must watch unceasingly. There are three positions that are inevitably linked up for us with the problem of armaments: first, armed peace is a dangerous absurdity; without a general limitation of armaments no European problem is soluble. Second, in the present situation the application of the ensemble of force represented by France and England, which allow in the spring a discussion about tactical equality (which is not numerical equality) seems an unavoidable necessity of the system in which the states now find themselves. Third, experts and not sentiment should determine the character and the limits of that effort so that it will result in a genuine defensive force and not break up the economic or spiritual framework of the country.

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Communications

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Kitchener, Ont.

TO the Editors: Your issues of September 23 and November 4 have been interesting to Catholic educationists, in the discussions, pro and con, of progressive education. The articles have been of particular interest to Ontario Catholic educationists, since the Department of Education of this Canadian province has recently revised its curricula along the lines of the newer trends, and since the Catholic Separate Schools here are an integral part of the state system. Hence we in Ontario Separate Schools are at present working with new programs of studies which are of the developmental nature.

Results of recent surveys seem to show that our Catholic teachers here, both religious and lay, have for the most part welcomed the change, and are adapting themselves heartily, and yet conservatively, to the new child-centered program, which has for general aim the fullest possible scope for the growth and development of the whole individual through his own purposeful activities, while at the same time keeping steadily in mind the claims and needs of the social world in which the individual will live.

The article of November 4, "Progress for Catholic Schools?", well illustrates the viewpoint of the teacher of long classroom experience, who has a natural tendency to exaggerate the importance of the former factual content of instruction, and of traditional classroom procedures, and who finds it difficult therefore to see why changing conditions make necessary a type of school different from that which functioned successfully enough under previous social life of a simpler kind. That the viewpoint can be quite narrow and reactionary is shown by such a statement as: "The main business of the schools is the development of the intellectual powers of the child, not of all the powers that he has. School is a place for the training of the mind, principally and foremost."

It reminds one of the old story of the boy who was sent home by the school nurse because of pediculosis and "B.O." Soon he returned with a note from the mother reading: "I sends Tommy to school for you to learn him, not to smell him or to search his head."

The main business of Catholic schools is surely to promote the proper development of the human soul toward the end for which it was created. All else is subsidiary. In other words, the business of the schools is to promote, through the instrumentality of the course of study, the growth of character and personality—the development of all human powers, physical, mental, emotional, spiritual, volitional. "Training the mind"—whatever that may mean—will not accomplish this end. Neither will traditional classroom procedures accomplish this end—where the teacher taught everything, where the children were merely passive and receptive, regurgitating what they were told like little "Charlie McCarthys."

J. C. WALSH,
Ontario Inspector of Schools.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: May I express through your columns my appreciation of Clara C. Glenn's article in THE COMMONWEAL for November 4?

There is no need for Catholics now to argue the value of the "Progressive Education" theories for their schools. All they have to do is to look at the results in the public schools which have adopted them, and contemplate the deterioration and confusion which have resulted, as, with almost despair, does many a teacher trying to teach in them.

A CATHOLIC PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER.

FOR A MORE FRUITFUL PREACHING

Ridgewood, N. J.

TO the Editors: For some time now a new voice has been making itself heard. It is a cry for something for which hundreds of Catholics have hungered but until quite recently have not been exactly aware, or perhaps have not been able to express. But once a finger was placed on the sore spot the cry has been echoed from a surprisingly increasing number of hearts. It is a longing for the Word of God, a most pathetic pleading for the Divine Food which "proceedeth from the mouth of God."

It is a hunger so real that many, not receiving the Word of God from those commissioned to feed His lambs, have joined the Crusade for a More Fruitful Preaching and, by their prayers and by spreading interest in good sermons, are doing all they can to bring their need and desire for the Word of God before the clergy whose mission it is to instruct, inspire and guide the laity.

This zeal for souls should animate every priest to preach a well-prepared sermon at every Mass on Sundays. What matters if there be only a few present, if many wait till after the sermon to come to Mass, or if people cough and yawn—if the sermon has brought one sinner to repentance, one soul to consecrate itself to God, or left even one poor heart consoled, strengthened and resolved to persevere? Is that not sufficient recompense. Few Catholics instruct themselves in their religion once they leave the parochial schools, and the knowledge received before the age of thirteen or a little more will hardly stand the test of the false doctrines and materialism constantly absorbed from the radio, movies and the secular press. The only source from which most Catholics receive the truth is once a week from the pulpit, and in many churches there are no sermons during the summer, and in the winter there are only a few comments on the Gospel of the day.

This is not meant to be a criticism but only a pleading from the Catholic laity for this food for our souls. The Crusaders pray that the Holy Ghost may enlighten our priests in their holy mission. We appeal to all Catholics to aid us by their prayers and by making their desire for the Word of God known, so that by the strength of the united voices of the laity, the clergy will no longer be able to resist our appeal. Copies of the prayer of the Crusade for a More Fruitful Preaching may be obtained by writing to The Crusaders, St. Cecilia's Mission, 223 East 105th Street, New York City.

C. WILLS.

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The Stage & Screen

Where Do We Go from Here?

NOWHERE is the American playwright so completely satisfying as in his depiction of collegiate male adolescence. Here his touch is sure and uninhibited. He both understands and sympathizes with his subjects, and yet he does not pull his punches. He paints his young men in all their callow cynicism, which is the protective coloring of their sentimentalism; he gets their wisecracks, their hobble-de-hoy passion, their emotional meanderings and philanderings, magnificently. We are forever being told these youths are the hope of humanity, but that, however, is to be doubted — unless they change mightily. And I wonder how many of them do. At fifty a man is apt to be what he was at twenty—that is in what counts, in his ideals. Of course he may be richer, just as he probably will be heavier—but his soul usually remains the same. And yet these youths are amusing, just as puppies are amusing, and if they are not precisely innocent, they are at least not vicious. Booth Tarkington is the master depicter of this type of adolescence, but recently such plays as "She Loves Me Not" and "Brother Rat" have shown that Howard Lindsay and John Monks are in the true Tarkington tradition. And now comes William Bowers in "Where Do We Go from Here?"

It must be stated at the outset that "Where Do We Go from Here?" is not entirely satisfying as a play. It lacks direction, point and plot. All the plot there is concerns the attempt by the members of a college fraternity to save their clubhouse from foreclosure at the hands of a graduate fraternity brother. It is a pretty thin and rather unbelievable story, and when to thicken it Mr. Bowers introduces in the last act a young girl who has loved not wisely nor well, he introduces an element as extraneous as it is unpleasant and out of key with all that has gone before. It is too bad the management did not find a play-doctor capable of injecting the backbone of a story and a few dramatic situations. Had this been done, Mr. Bowers's play might well have been as popular as "Brother Rat." After all the public does want a story, and it is not to its discredit that it does. Yet taken for what it is, Mr. Bowers's play is in places hugely amusing, and its characterizations and dialogue are at once veritable and hilarious. Mr. Bowers is a young man who when he matures in point of view will bear watching.

Oscar Hammerstein and Dwight Taylor have gathered together a cast of young actors who are ideal. Ralph Holmes is handsome, dominant and sincere as the president of the fraternity, and Don De Fore, Stanley Becker, Gilbery Fates, Eugene Gericke, Charles Mendick, George Carleton and Theodore Leavitt are all admirable in their diverse parts. Moreover, the play is excellently directed by Anatol Winogradoff. In fact everything was done for Mr. Bowers's play except the inclusion of a story, or at least a point of view. After creating his characters and writing his dialogue, Mr. Bowers should have taken counsel from his title. He should have tried to answer the question he set to his audience before he attempted to ask it of that audience. (At the Vanderbilt Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

A Ballerina, a Queen and a Cowboy

THE FRENCH have sent over another of their superlative films. Directed by Jean Benoit-Levy, based on Paul Morand's "La Mort du Cygne," flawlessly acted by women and girls, "Ballerina" tells a compact story of two individuals' passion for the dance which is so great that for them dancing is living. An amazing child, Janine Charrat, plays the part of the student who ruthlessly ruins the career of a great dancer who in turn devotes her life to teaching this young girl. Mia Slovenska, of the Monte Carlo Ballet, combines unusual acting and dancing ability in her rôle of the première ballerina. With music by Chopin and Gounod, and set mainly behind the scenes of the National Opera in Paris, "Ballerina" brings to the cinema for the first time the impressions of the severe and colorful lives of dancers that are captured in Degas's ballet pictures. Concise English titles assist the complete enjoyment of this entertaining picture.

"Sixty Glorious Years" is a pageant, a series of beautiful pictures from the pages of Queen Victoria's diary. Made up mainly of episodes omitted from last year's "Victoria the Great," directed again by Herbert Wilcox and starring again Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook, this new film is entirely in color and includes many scenes taken at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace and Balmoral. Regardless of what you may think of this headstrong, dumpy little queen and the stuffiness of her times, there is something thrilling about this historical spectacle. Its quality of reality moves one as Victoria and Albert confess their love for each other, as Albert tries to win over the English people who never really took him to their hearts, as the couple strive to prevent the Crimean War, as Victoria goes alone through her long period of mourning, as she is pleased by the "Go it, old girl," at the Diamond Jubilee. At times the picture drags, but it is well worth seeing for its authentic sets and good characterizations, especially C. Aubrey Smith as Wellington and Anton Walbrook's warm and lovable portrayal of the Consort.

"The Cowboy and the Lady" effectively retells the old story about a rich girl, doubly bored because her stuffed-shirt father is considered presidential timber and so she is allowed no chance to learn "how the younger-half lives," and the cowboy whose dream is a ranch with a thousand head of cattle and a trout stream. Merle Oberon is the girl, the "cold fish" who sizzzles when on a blind date she is exposed to rugged, boyish Gary Cooper. In spite of much of the picture's falseness such as the pack of lies the girl tells to lure her cowboy on, and the silly gallivanting around on the boat, there's a touch of poignant sadness to the whole affair, due principally to Gary Cooper's charm and sincerity. You feel sorry for such a swell guy who thinks work-horses are nice people and gets teamed up with a show horse. However, the picture is pleasant entertainment and has several amusing touches including clever use of incidental music.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Day

De Mortuis

Armour and His Times, by Harper Leech and John Charles Carroll. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

HARPER LEECH, editorial writer for the Chicago *Daily News,* and John Charles Carroll, Chicago *Tribune* writer, collaborate upon the career of Philip Danforth Armour and the rise of the packing industry. Armour's life is the background for the story of the transformation of primitive modes of supplying meat into a great industry wielding tremendous influence in the economic, political and social structure.

The narrative is a success story of the era when the great fortunes were founded and the application of Armour's philosophy of hard work, clean living and devotion to family and business detail as rules for success. The founder of the Armour dynasty is depicted as a shrewd opportunist, capable of intrigue and cunning in a hard game, and well able to match his sagacity against the common odds of competitor, consumer and worker, emerging finally a dominant figure in a dominant industry.

The book makes little effort to evaluate Armour or the packing industry in their effects upon society. The men who controlled packing are dismissed with the intimation that we can withhold many of the charges hurled at the malefactors of wealth. The culpability for their sins is to be attached to subordinates. One feels that a different picture can be painted with no distortion of facts. Much of that picture has appeared and is still appearing, thirty-seven years after Armour's death and nearly twenty years after the collapse of the Armour dynasty, in labor's struggle to assert its rights in the enterprises founded between the Civil War and the turn of the century.

It may well be expected that the attacks upon the free-booters who built their fortunes with no apparent regard for anyone but themselves and their dependents will have their sequel in works seeking to prove that these men were only human and trying only to provide for themselves and their families in a fiercely competitive struggle. The value of such books today is open to question, however. Critics agree that these men had their good as well as their bad points. They have not been lacking in apologists. It is debatable as to what purpose is served by a policy that conforms for the most part to the maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

JAMES B. COONEY.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Guns or Butter, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

I WANT to start with the confession that Bruce Lockhart has always been among my favorite authors. He is a man of vital force, but at the same time a sober and independent observer, free from doctrinary prejudices. His book, "British Agent," gave perhaps the first unbiased description of Soviet conditions, and his "Retreat from Glory" forecasted the Nazi rise to power at a time when the other Anglo-Saxon authors were blind enough to believe in the stability of the "Wiemar system."

Also his new book, devoted to recent travel experiences in Central Europe and the Balkans, seems to me outstanding by the author's clear sight and independent judgment. This Scottish globe-trotter despises abstract doctrines, his judgment on foreign affairs is based on intuitive understanding and first-hand experience. But this does not mean that his book is free of affection and sympathy. He has a special affinity to the small Slavic nations, especially to the Czechs and Jugoslavs. I never read a fairer explanation of the disputes between Serbs and Croats than that of Lockhart who is sincerely the friend of those two tribes of the Jugoslavian nation, which have two alphabets but only one common language. Lockhart's interviews with the monarchs of Bulgaria and Rumania are of unusual interest. Returning from the Balkans Lockhart reached Vienna on the day Hitler arrived there, and he ended his trip in Berlin. He honestly tries to do justice also to the Germans and to their present system of government.

Lockhart writes as an experienced connoisseur of Central and Southeastern Europe interested in observing changed conditions there after a decade's absence. So his observations are well founded and much more lively than those of a permanent resident of those countries. He is fond of anecdotes and is an artist in condensing the atmosphere of a town or of a situation. He has friends of very different social circles and political leanings, and he knows how to make them talk. From his informal and somewhat nonchalant book you will get more glimpses of "Inside Europe" than by reading the flat best seller of Mr. Gunther.

As you will guess, Lockhart has not only the independence of a Scottish individualist but also the pride of the British, who "are a hundred years ahead of the rest of the world in political experience." As a realist he is nearer to Chamberlain than to Eden. Though he distrusts the Nazis, he is convinced they will modify like all revolutionary movements have done. You will not agree with every remark of the author, but you will find his book not only informative but extremely stimulating and inspiring.

C. O. CLEVELAND.

The Coming Struggle for Latin America, by Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has described the twenty republics of Hispanic America as "a family of nations." The good neighbor policy of the United States is based on the assumption that the peoples of the Western Hemisphere, forming closer political, social and economic ties, can compensate themselves for the losses incurred in the turmoils of Europe and Asia. The author of this book, after an extensive, first-hand survey of Central and South America, concludes that the Mikado, Der Fuehrer and Il Duce are deeply involved in the web of intrigue and rivalry for trade which are the percussion-caps of Latin revolutions. The result is a distinctly new phenomenon: the tremendous impetus to armaments by land, sea and air in nations whose Foreign Ministers have probably signed more peace treaties and arbitration agreements than any others in the past ten years. Carleton Beals paints a picture of Pan-Americanism that bristles with machine-guns, torpedoes, bombing-planes and munitions salesmen.

This does not mean that the Nazis and Fascists have been the only propagandists active in South America. According to Beals, "England has been doing her best to outdistance the United States, Italy, Germany, Japan and Czechoslovakia in arming the Latin-American countries." Great Britain, he suggests, provided much of Bolivia's war material during the bloody Chaco conflict, and through an agent of Vickers in Argentina, a substantial share of the munitions utilized against Bolivia by

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Paraguay. Of course, the British have the largest financial stake in both Argentina and Brazil: $2,000,000,000 are invested in the former country, $1,500,000,000 in the latter. This is three times the size of the United States' capital in either nation. Nor can the British dependence upon Argentina's wheat and cattle be overlooked. Since the growth of native industries curtails the import of foreign manufactures, the exchange of raw materials which are badly needed in Europe is facilitated by the artificially stimulated South American demand for arms.

This traffic is not described in any holier-than-thou attitude. Carleton Beals, who has spent most of his adult life knocking around Central and South America, insists that "with our new government putsch southward, we are expending more efforts than any single European power." Strange to relate, we even export more missionaries and "more paid Communist propagandists to Latin America than any other nation." These influences are quite as important as the fact that there are 2,000,000 Argentinians of Italian descent or that the single Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul contains 2,845 German schools. All foreigners are striving might and main to advance their own selfish interests in exploitation of Hispanic America's rich resources, and North Americans are regarded as foreign as anybody else.

One of the most significant features of Brazil's economy is the enormous development of cotton fields and textile industries. Six million acres of land are under cultivation; 2,000,000 bales of cotton are each year thrown upon the over-loaded world market. Within a few years Brazil will equal production in the United States. The yield per acre is higher; the cost of production lower. This may explain why the reciprocal trade treaty between the United States and Brazil is not working out as had been hoped.

There is so much interesting, pertinent material in Mr. Beals's swift analysis of Latin America as a battle-ground of outside ideologies that it is to be regretted that he did not take some time to prune opinion from fact. The volume, for all its merit as a political and economic handbook, is 60 percent subjective interpretation and 40 percent reliable, sound information. The author's hostility to Catholic ecclesiastical organization is reflected in a few passages. The detailed index is complete, useful.

JOSEPH F. THORNING.

Europe Re-Housed, by Elizabeth Denby. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. Illustrated. $3.50.

IF THE title of the book gives you the impression that Europe *is* rehoused, or that it has made any more than a token start in the direction of adequate shelter for all its citizens, $3.50 will tell you that you are wrong.

Two immovable barriers stand squarely across the path of any housing development in any country. They are the speculative values placed on land by private owners, and the high and fluctuating charges that each nation pays its banking system for the use of its own credit. The degree to which the countries of Europe have individually faced this realistic problem indicates in general the extent to which each has made a start in the direction of adequate rehousing.

Sweden, Holland, Austria, Germany, Italy and France were all visited and studied by Miss Denby, and a wealth of fact and impression about them set down in her book. As a reference work it suffers somewhat from the lack of an adequate appendix of comparative statistics and tables,

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which would point up the conclusions that are scattered at large throughout the entire text.

We find that all of the countries of Europe had certain aspects in common of their housing problem, and that the initial stages of experiment followed a similar pattern. Each started out, for instance, to restrict rent increases, to subsidize new building, and to create conditions favorable to low-cost dwelling construction by private enterprise.

Particularly refreshing and cheering is the account of the democratic approach and the rare good sense with which Sweden continues to improve the shelter standards of its people. Here no remote and lofty hypothesis is imposed on new building. And the Swedish idea of emptying the slums is "to draw these ill-housed families from the congested centers of towns by the attractiveness of the new dwellings . . . on the outskirts." Cooperative building societies, cooperative banks—operating sometimes with and sometimes without government assistance—have kept interest rates down. Since 1904 the city of Stockholm has been buying land and this land is leased to private persons for sixty years, with an option for the holder to renew his lease. Home owner-builders may borrow 90 percent of the cost of their cottages, and contribute the remaining 10 percent in their own labor.

Sweden's primary objective in housing is to provide its people with the type of homes they want, at a price they can afford to pay. American housers can learn more from Miss Denby's chapter on Sweden than from any chapter in her admirably adequate work. ELLIOTT TAYLOR.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

King of the Beggars: A Life of Daniel O'Connell, by Sean O'Faolain. New York: Viking Press. $3.50.

USUALLY, proletarian art is awful; indeed, that is all it can be, perhaps it is all it intends to be. The class struggle may swing our emotions through the gamut of a nightmare to an enthusiasm, it can never produce the personal, transfiguring ecstacy of true art; where it is most successful, it is either a poster or a politic. Even the textbook histories of the proletariat are personal; there is always the man of the hour whose angle of life slants the colors of the people's culture. The rise of the modern Irish democracy ought to be, if ever there could be, a proletarian history, but it is the life of Daniel O'Connell. If anyone could have cut a history according to the pattern of the left, Seán O'Faolain could have done it most artistically, for he has knowledge, sympathy and the gift of the singing line. Admitting the absence of much authentic evidence of the common people's way of life, he succeeds in showing us their beggarliness in thoughts and things, but in spite of his great art the Irish masses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries remain shadowy and impersonal. They become actual, ugly, personal and lovable only when the Liberator has created the Irish nation to his own image and likeness. From this book we relearn that the term "Father of His Country" is not rhetoric but a reality.

This is a book to be recalled often, for it asserts convincingly against our reforming right and left collectivists that a people's measure is the stature of their heroes and it records the gestation of the unique Irish nation, at once clinically accurate and humanly true; it is on this last count that the reader may be satisfied least. Like every sincere book it tells us a great deal about its author and the mind that he has with so many of his contemporary intellectuals in Ireland. They are so often moralists without humanity, so clinically right, so totally wrong. Realists they call themselves, as if a blackguard's cork-screw twist of himself from the gutter isn't as real as, and indeed more real than, the muck he wallowed in. Daniel O'Connell was a "Tammany lawyer and a great patriot" —which is not more antithetical than a gall bladder and a heart together in a body, but what he was altogether is more even than is in this great book. Seán O'Faolain like O'Connell is under the judgment of the old Irish woman whom O'Connell was examining in court one day: "For an hour he worried her, teasing her, joking her, involving her temper in the bargaining transaction that he was trying to clarify until she burst out, in rage, with one of the best judgments passed on him by any of his victims: 'Aha! You knows all about the roguery of it but you don't know at all about the honesty of it.'" JOHN MONAGHAN.

England's Years of Danger, by Paul Frischauer. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.75.

THIS is an interesting, often amusing, but in no sense a significant book. It is a collection of miscellaneous documents designed to illustrate contemporary reaction to Napoleon. Mr. Frischauer has done an extraordinary amount of work. The present writer has some doubts as to whether the book was worth the work. Continental archives, diaries and letters have been rifled to show the reader that the period between 1792 and 1815 were, indeed, England's years of danger.

Often, however, the reader is left unconvinced on this point. Parliamentary speeches and Cabinet reports, speeches, letters of Napoleon are not, in themselves, the best way of illustrating history. The disorder of the Grand Army at Moscow, for example, is infinitely more realized in Tolstoi's "War and Peace" than in any document. Dust-jacket notices about making documents into a "mosaic" is simple nonsense. The fact is that the document is an instrument to the historian, and to make it meaningful he must be an artist. Merely presenting it on the theory that this is being objective is even unfair. For documents are peculiar things. Admit it or not, the historian selects them. In the selective process much is left out. The picture is at best blurred.

The celebrated coup d'état by which Napoleon became First Consul was not the magnificent, efficient thing described by Napoleon. Yet Mr. Frischauer offers us only Napoleon's description (pages 78 seq.). How nearly backwardness and timidity made that enterprise a failure is not shown. Napoleon turning pale with what Lord Acton calls "the terror of outlawry" stands unrevealed.

There are several minor errors, among them reference on page 244 to John Madison, whereas James Madison was our President in 1812.

The dust-jacket recommends this book to the reader "who knows little more of Napoleon than that Wellington beat him at Waterloo." To that reader I recommend it.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Maximilien Robespierre: Nationalist Dictator, by James Michael Eagan. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.75.

DR. EAGAN gives warning in his preface that he is not presenting a comparison of Robespierre with modern dictators. On reading his book, however, one cannot escape the conviction that this comparison was uppermost in his mind. Chapters which deal with Robespierre's activity at the height of his career are entitled "Towards the Totalitarian State," "The Jacobin Blood

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Purge," "Nationalist Spellbinding"; direct references to contemporary Germany and Italy are numerous throughout the book; and the conclusion has the form of a comparison of Robespierre's policy with that of modern dictators.

The similarity between advanced Jacobinism and modern totalitarianism is significant for Dr. Eagan not only because of the light it throws upon Robespierre, but because it reveals the course of modern history. Hitler's and Mussolini's nationalism is not very different from the nationalism of the radical party in the Convention. This points certainly to historical connection between them; in the author's words Robespierre "stood on the threshold of the twentieth century."

Dr. Eagan holds, then, that modern nationalism is as old as the French Revolution. He also holds that it is no older. In fact to him the Revolution was essentially a transition from "humanitarian" to "violent" nationalism. Robespierre was one of the artificers of this change. Examination of his political activity reveals, then, the beginning of one of the great movements in contemporary politics.

In the opinion of this reviewer Dr. Eagan's thesis is untenable. There seems to be fundamental difference between the patriotism of the Jacobins and the nationalism of modern Germans. The Jacobin's devotion to country was devotion to the law, which, as the expression of the general will, was assumed to be truth. The modern German nationalist's devotion to country is devotion to a culture, which he does not consider to be absolutely true, but true for him and for his fellow Germans.

PAUL RICE DOOLIN.

Our Promised Land, by Richard L. Neuberger. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THIS is an interesting book, both entertaining and instructive, by a journalist who knows how to put his story across the footlights to the reading public. It is the saga of the Northwestern States, the vast territory that constitutes the basin of the great Columbia River. It does not indulge in prehistoric myth but gives a picture of the present condition of land and people, of vast natural resources yet untouched and temperaments that still reflect the outpost pioneer, of the staggeringly immense government project of the Coulee Dam and its subsidiaries, etc.

The author rightly speaks of a still existing frontier land of vast dimensions and thinnest population and of a promised land of yet untapped riches. Striking personalities parade before us from the President down, who has shown great interest in the hydro-electric and irrigation projects that should afford new land and settlement opportunities for thousands upon thousands whom the economic depression has dislodged in the East and other parts of the countries or whom the increasing dust-bowl of the Middle West is driving to seek new regions of better promise. The unique character of land and people is contrasted with the much older civilization of the rest of the country in terms of the vital questions of today—so that the reader is given a most interesting presentation also of the social problems of our time as they affect the entire nation. An all-important issue the author frequently alludes to: Will the reaping of both soil and lumber and mineral riches turn into the same kind of high-handed exploitation and depletion of natural resources that has characterized the "advance" of our civilization in the rest of the country? Time alone can tell. But meanwhile informed citizens can help to direct towards a better future.

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History of Colombia, by Jesús María Henao and Gerardo Arrubla; translated and edited by J. Fred Rippy. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University of North Carolina Press. $5.00.

THIS history of Colombia is the second of the Hispanic American national histories which has been translated for the Inter-American Historical Series, under the editorship of Dr. James A. Robertson. The first to appear was the "History of Argentina," by Ricardo Levene.

The original volumes in the Spanish cover a mass of detail which has been eliminated in translation, especially the entire first section which treats of the prehistory and preliminaries of the discovery of the New World. Dr. Rippy has performed a praiseworthy effort in compressing, reducing and changing where necessary to make the volume a readable survey of the historical evolution of Colombia.

There is no question of the importance and necessity of this series. For the scholar in the field, it will have a more limited utility, since the instruments of his research are already available in Spanish. For the teacher of Hispanic American history and civilization, the usefulness is enormous, in view of the dearth of reference material in the English language. Anyone who has undertaken to teach the history of the period since independence in Hispanic America is aware of the handicaps. Almost everything, except the briefest resumés, are in Spanish or Portuguese. While the colonial epoch is fairly well covered, the last hundred years must be sought in the original, especially in those aspects which touch the internal, domestic existence of the various republics.

The present volume may be recommended for the reader anxious to become familiar with the broad sweep of one of the most interesting of the South American states. For the first time, an adequate volume is available in English which reflects the viewpoint and opinions of two excellently equipped Colombian historians who tell the story of their own people for their own fellow countrymen. It is to be hoped that the volumes on the other republics may appear in the near future. RICHARD PATTEE.

MISCELLANEOUS

Human Affairs 1938, *by Porter Sargent. Boston: Porter Sargent.* $1.00.

THIS is a reprint of the lengthy introduction to the author's "Handbook of Private Schools," 22nd edition, 1938. It consists mainly of a summary, with breezy comment, of best-selling literature of the previous year. Mr. Sargent is very modern, pessimistic and cynical throughout. Hilaire Belloc, as revealed in his Fordham lectures, "The Crisis of Civilization," is a case of "arrested development," and though our "universities have fallen down on their job," Robert Maynard Hutchins and his "retreat to the past" are a "serious menace." Yet Mr. Sargent strangely ends on a cheerful note: "It's a great time for 'rugged individualism' of the right sort. It's a great time to live."

It is for some when the author as well as the vast majority of American educators are utterly confused or ignorant as to the ends of human education and the means thereto. In this atmosphere anything goes, and there is no limit to egoism. Perhaps this explains why the author of twenty-two editions of an educational year book can rejoice at individualism supreme in education—education which must, if it is to have a function at all, be concerned with what is commonly valuable and teachable to men.

HARRY MCNEILL.

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The Inner Forum

THERE are proportionately fewer Catholics in Japan than almost anywhere else in the world; the 111,827 in Japan proper constituting but .16 percent of the islands' 69,000,000 population. But it is generally recognized that the strength of the Church there is greater than these figures would indicate. According to a correspondent of the London *Tablet,* "the Faith in Japan is slowly but steadily penetrating all the ranks of society."

The intellectual influence of the Church is indicated by the fact that the five chief principal Catholic publishers bring out over a hundred books a year—mostly translations from the West. By the end of this year the first volume of a Catholic encyclopedia prepared under the direction of Father Kaus of the Catholic University of Tokyo will be out. There are seventeen Catholic periodicals in Japanese, one of them, *Katorikku Shimbun,* with a circulation in the tens of thousands.

This year the Catholic University at Tokyo has 800 students, the largest student body in its twenty-five years' existence. Its semi-annual, *Monumenta Nipponica,* is considered as the best Japanological review now published. The prestige of the schools conducted by the Sacred Heart Sisters in Tokyo and Kobe and by the Dames de St. Maur is of the highest. All told there are 41 secondary and professional Catholic schools for girls, with 11,170 pupils.

There are 391 parochial units scattered throughout the country. One-third of the 331 priests working there last year were native Japanese, and almost 400 more young natives are studying for the priesthood. Of the 1,161 nuns laboring there, 672 are Japanese, a gain of 231 over the year before. In addition to schools, they conduct 50 charitable centers, 15 hospitals and 2 leper houses. The majority of Catholic missionaries in Japan come from France and Germany, where currency restrictions have rigidly restricted foreign mission support in recent months.

CONTRIBUTORS

Very Rev. Albert HAMMENSTEDE, O.S.B., who has served as Prior of the Abbey of Maria Laach, sends us this article from his present American home.

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